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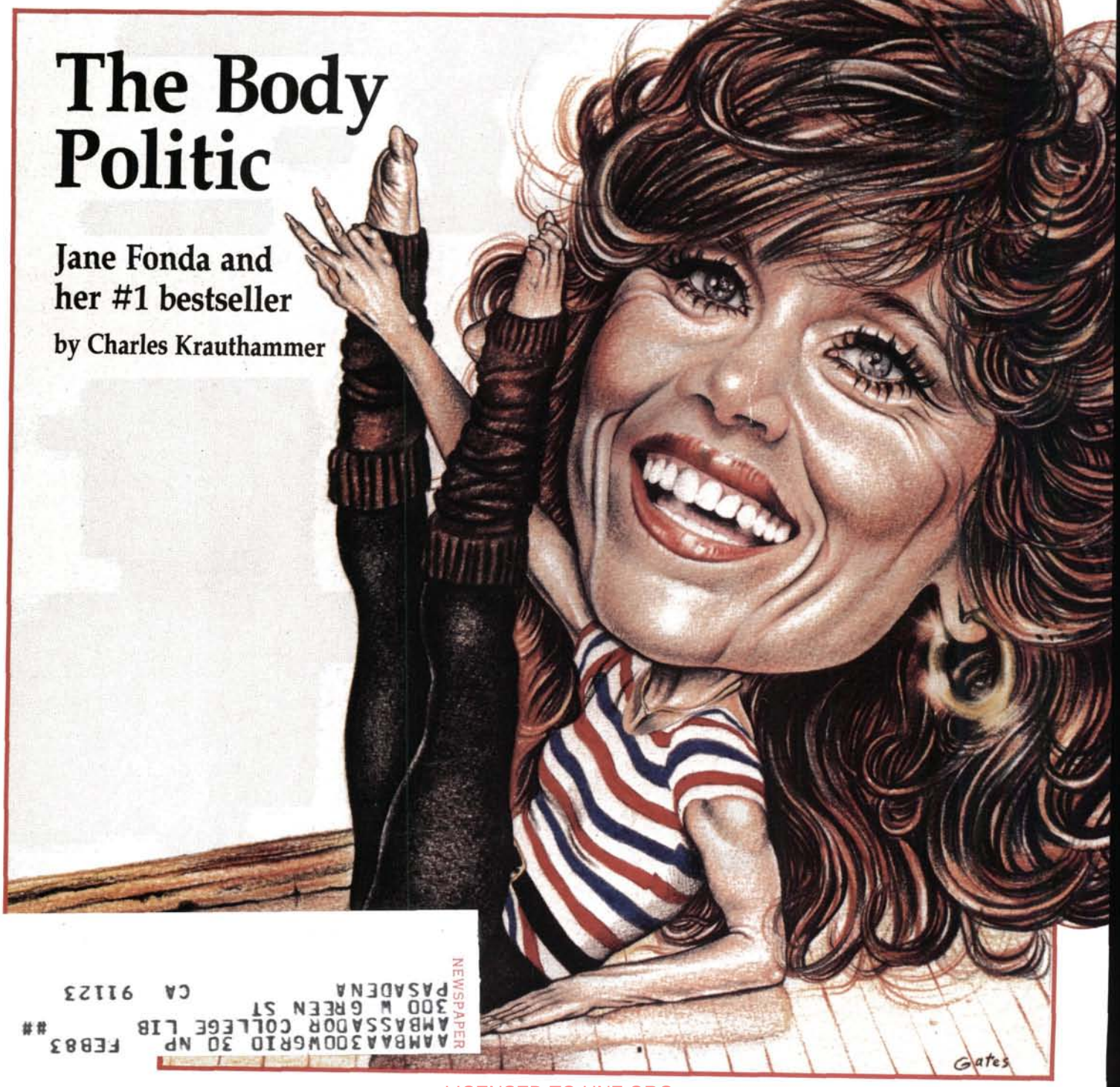

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THE NEW REPUBLIC

FOUNDED 1914 — *A Weekly Journal of Opinion* — ISSUES 3,526 & 3,527

WASHINGTON, D.C. — AUGUST 16 & 23, 1982

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CORRESPONDENCE

FAMILY MAN

To the editors:

Please allow me, as a Unification Church member, to address some of Timothy Noah's statements regarding *The Washington Times* ("Paper Moon," TNR, July 19 & 26). "Moon," he writes, "like any effective totalitarian, rejects [the traditional values of respect for family and social order] altogether." Further, he quotes *News World* editor Robert Morton out of context: "Throughout history children have been born of parents who are unqualified to adequately love them and educate them," painting a picture of the Unification movement as Orwellian, fascist, and advocating the education of children by the state, etc. Nothing could be further from the teachings and practices of the Unification Church.

The value and sanctity of the family is perhaps the most fundamental principle of the teachings of Unificationism. Man and woman, in physical and spiritual maturity, represent the masculine and feminine aspects of God's nature. Through their oneness and raising of children, they become able to experience the heart of God as a parent. This, then, becomes the goal of life, and the means through which wholeness is to be achieved in human life.

Another basic teaching of the church can throw some light on the case of Michael Warder, whose story about his child being shipped off to a church-run nursery and his pregnant wife sent to California with other church wives raised hackles on Mr. Noah's back.

In the course of man's trek back to a relationship with God, temporary, conditional offerings of sacrifice must be made. These serve several purposes: (1) to separate man from the things that occupy his consciousness continuously, keeping him numbed to a greater reality around him, and (2) to sensitize him to the heart of God that lies beneath the surface of our feelings and experiences.

While it is true that a number of couples were called upon to go such a course, they did not remain apart and today praise the experience as one of the most profound and edifying in their lives. Also, please bear in mind that these women went out to fight the spread of Communism on campus. Would that others were willing to make a fraction of such a sacrifice to strengthen our nation. Today these wives are taking care of many more of their children than they had at that time.

TNR is doing its readers a disservice by spreading rumors and making no effort toward original research. Quoting *The Washington Tribune*'s vicious diatribe against the Unification Movement is less than your readers deserve.

DENNY TOWNSEND
The Washington Times
Washington, D.C.

Timothy Noah replies:

For those who are interested in *The Washington Tribune*'s report on the Moon organization, it is available (for fifty cents) from the *The Washington Tribune*, P. O. Box 12055, Washington, D.C. 20005.

THE LITTLE RASCALS

To the editors:

Helen Gahagan Douglas's newly published autobiography asserts that during her 1950 senatorial campaign against Richard Nixon she was victim at the University of Southern California of a fraternity prank by ("she thinks") Donald Segretti and Dwight Chapin ("Notebook," TNR, June 13). Since Segretti and Chapin today are 40 and 41 respectively (*Newsweek*, June 14), they would have been eight and nine years old at the time.

GEORGE STEVEN SWAN
Widener University
Wilmington, Delaware

IGOR THE TERRIBLE

To the editors:

I listened with much interest to the recent broadcast of Stravinsky's music on the occasion of his 100th anniversary, and reading Leon Botstein's eloquent dissertation on the Russian master's music ("Stravinsky at 100," TNR, July 5) prompts the following comments.

I have been in music—professionally and now, in retirement, as a chamber music enthusiast—for more than sixty years. During that time I have seen them come and go, the various disciples of many arty schools, in music, literature, and art. Some last and many don't. One of the mistakes our art critics make is to accept as masterpieces everything a great creator produces. So it is with Igor.

His music for ballet (*Le Sacre du Printemps, The Fire Bird, Petrouchka,* etc.) is excellent, especially when heard in conjunction with the ballets. But many of his works are just plain awful. Much of the stuff I heard on public TV recently was incoherent, fragmented, contrived, and uninspired.

I have his three pieces for String Quartet. They are simply dreadful, as are some of his pieces for two pianos. So don't let's go overboard. Just because someone writes some good music, that doesn't make all his stuff good. And it certainly doesn't in Stravinsky's case.

FELIX DE COLA
Hollywood, California

HISTORY LESSON

To the editors:

I am most grateful to you for the article on Herbert Butterfield ("The Prying Yorkshireman," by John Clive, TNR, June 23). I culled the following passage from his *Christianity and History.* I thought it might be most appropriate for those world leaders who are more intent on making (or ruining) history than understanding it: "It is even true that many of the inhuman conflicts of mankind would probably never have taken place if the situation had been one of completely righteous men confronted by undiluted and unmitigated crime. One can hardly fail to recognise the element in many conflicts which take place between one half-right that is perhaps too wilful, and another half-right that is perhaps too proud. It is even possible that great wars should come about because idealists are too egotistical concerning their own plans of salvation for mankind, and because the righteous are stiff-necked. Here is a side of human history which makes it necessary to reflect further on the nature of human beings."

ARTHUR A. GOLDMAN
Washington, Pennsylvania

The editors welcome correspondence from readers. Letters should include the writer's full name, address, and telephone number; be typed double-spaced; and be held to under 200 words. Letters may be edited for space. Please address letters to: Correspondence, TNR, 1220 19th Street, N.W., Washington, D.C. 20036.

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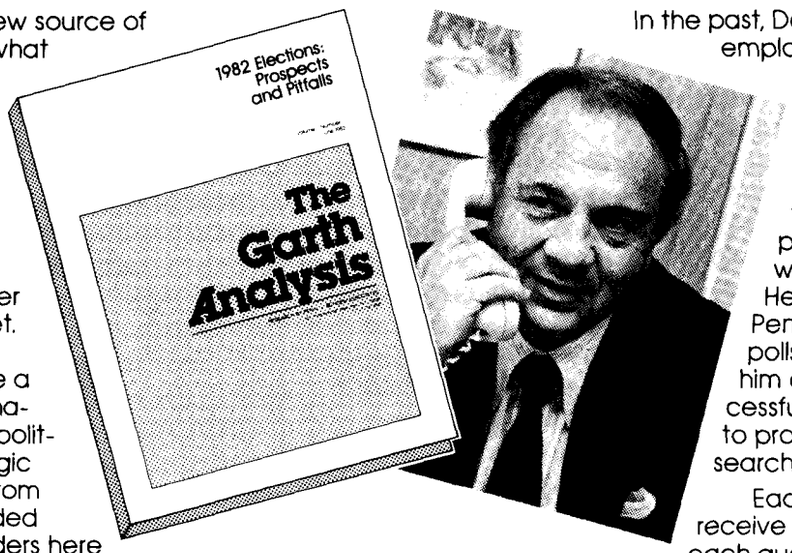

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TRB

FROM WASHINGTON

Brave New Age

When did the new age start in Washington? I can give you the exact second. It was fifty years ago last week, when the soldiers clicked their rifle bolts and took aim with tear gas at the Bonus Army bedded in at the partly demolished Steuart-Ford building at Pennsylvania Avenue and Fourth Street. I can hear those rifle bolts click yet. . . . The odd thing was that they were aiming at me.

Have we learned anything in the last fifty years? I think so, though probably not enough. The anniversary was on July 29. Who was in charge of the regular troops down there on the avenue, evicting the encamped Bonus Army? Why, the flamboyant Major General Douglas MacArthur, with a young staff officer to help. His name was unpronounceable—Eisenhower or something. What was I doing there? Simple: I was a reporter, at $100 a week, and where there's trouble a reporter's instinct is to get to the center of it and, if possible, climb something. I had the best perch in the city if they didn't shoot me.

Congress voted "adjusted compensation" after 1918 to come due around 1945, but the veterans wanted it now—and the bonus march started from all over America. Hoover was against it; it meant paying out $2.3 billion, he said, and the budget was already unbalanced. That was the way it was in those days.

Yes, I think we have come a long way in fifty years. Some examples: in 1932 textile workers in Gastonia, North Carolina, worked a 66-hour week for $9 and were jailed for going on strike; the prestigious J. P. Morgan paid no income tax for 1930, 1931, and 1932; the utility king Sam Insull of Chicago resigned all 11 presidencies, 65 chairmanships, and 85 directorships, and presently went to Europe just ahead of an indictment.

With Harding the nation had started on the greatest and gaudiest spree in history. The trouble was that farmers and workers weren't getting paid enough to buy the things they produced. It ended with *Variety* summing up the 1929 crash succinctly for all time: WALL ST. LAYS AN EGG. After that, no President in history worked harder than Herbert Hoover; he knew just what to do. And what did it all result in? With one worker in four unemployed, he was brutally reviled and the Democrats baited him. How cruel they were—they called a newspaper tucked over the chest of a shivering waif on a soup line a "Hoover blanket."

What have we learned, then, in fifty years? I will tell you, but first I must extricate myself from those soldiers drawing a bead on me from Pennsylvania Avenue on July 28 as we looked down fearfully at the street. The men around me were peaceful, not bellicose. They shout down at the troops, "Hey, buddies, we got no guns!" One near me says, "Last time I saw bay-nets was in the Marne." An officer shouts up from the street, "You got three minutes to get out!" The little tanks start rattling their engines; the great bonus encampment of maybe 10,000 melts away; we come off our rooftop. We get out, but not before I watch a soldier pull back his arm and pitch something at us that whistles and smokes. It's tear gas. When it comes my turn I have to be led down the steps, blinded by the stuff.

Yes, we have learned something in fifty years. Pearl Harbor taught us, for good and all, that isolation for a superpower is a myth. And Roosevelt and the Depression taught us the social responsibility of the central government, in some measure, for the people—what Bismarck and the rest of Europe had instituted long before. The idea leaped across the Atlantic in the Depression.

Some disagreed. Herbert Hoover said, "The primary duty of the government is to hold expenditures within our income."

There is an element of that absolute

continued on page 40

Two leading authorities probe Eastasia's challenge to the West

Why are Japan and its neighbors—China, Taiwan, North and South Korea, Singapore and Hong Kong—outstripping the West in productivity, technology, exports, and management? What can our governments and industries do to respond? In this book, two scholars formerly associated with Harvard's East Asian Research Center provide detailed answers, looking closely at the impact of both cultural values and public policies.
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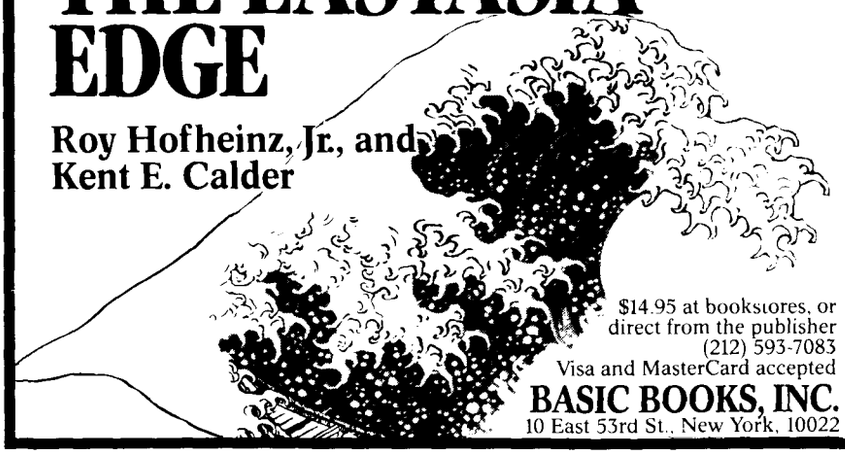

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THE NEW REPUBLIC
AUGUST 16 & 23, 1982

BANNING THE BAN

On a warm July evening nineteen summers ago, John F. Kennedy quoted a Chinese proverb—"a journey of a thousand miles must begin with a single step"—and made it his own. The single step was the treaty by which the United States, the Soviet Union, and Britain forswore the testing of nuclear explosives in and beyond the earth's atmosphere and under the seas. Every President since, with one exception, has sought to continue the journey. The one exception is Ronald Reagan, who, after eighteen months of inaction, has formally decided to abandon negotiations for a comprehensive test ban treaty. We think he is making a grave and—even by his own hard-line logic—quite unnecessary mistake.

Mr. Reagan is the first President to reject even the goal of a comprehensive ban, but the history of test ban negotiations, which have been going on more or less continuously for a quarter of a century, is shot through with false starts and missed opportunities. President Eisenhower and Soviet Premier Nikita Khrushchev nearly reached an agreement in 1960; when Francis Gary Powers's U-2 plane was shot down in flames, the agreement went down with it. President Kennedy's success in negotiating the atmospheric ban must be paired with his failure to exert the extra political will that would almost certainly have resulted in a total ban: he and Mr. Khrushchev, having reached agreement on the principles of seismic stations on each other's territory and on-site inspections, bogged down in a derisory wrangle over numbers. Had they bridged the tiny gap between them, many of the technological "advances" that fueled the subsequent nuclear arms race would have been impossible. In retrospect, the partial test ban was a greater gain for public health than for arms control: by allaying concern about fallout, as George Kistiakowsky and Herbert York commented in an article in *Science* magazine, it "made the continuation of uninhibited weapons development politically respectable." The partial ban came at roughly the mid-point between Hiroshima and the present. There has been substantially more nuclear testing—albeit all of it underground—since that point than there was before it.

Presidents Nixon and Ford negotiated, respectively, the Threshold Test Ban Treaty of 1974 and the Peaceful Nuclear Explosions Treaty of 1976. Together, these treaties outlawed underground tests, whether for weapons-building or ostensibly peaceful purposes, that have an explosive yield of greater than 150 kilotons, the equivalent of 150,000 tons of TNT. (That is still a big bang—more than ten times the power of the Hiroshima bomb.) The U.S. and the Soviet Union have observed the terms of these treaties, but neither treaty has been ratified by the Senate—in part, ironically, because arms-control advocates argued that they would slow the momentum toward a total ban. This too was a missed opportunity: the protocols to the treaties, which cannot take effect without ratification, would have required Moscow to provide detailed geological information about its test sites, making seismic verification far more precise, and would have mandated a limited form of on-site inspection. President Carter seriously pursued negotiations for a total ban on underground tests. In the course of those negotiations, the Soviets agreed to accept not only seismic devices on Soviet territory but also on-site follow-up investigations in questionable cases. These were enormous breakthroughs. But Mr. Carter deliberately slowed the pace, fearing that a debate over a test ban might endanger ratification of the more important SALT II

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treaty. In the event, he got neither—another missed opportunity. The last session of the test ban negotiations took place shortly after the election of Ronald Reagan. There have been no sessions since—and now, it appears, there won't be another one for a long time to come.

Mr. Reagan's decision to abandon the comprehensive test ban altogether was reached at a National Security Council meeting on July 19 and was immediately leaked to Judith Miller of *The New York Times*. Since then the Administration has been presenting its rationale in a series of background briefings by unnamed but presumably well-informed officials. The two main arguments they have advanced are neither new nor persuasive.

THE ADMINISTRATION contends, first of all, that a total ban would be intolerably unverifiable. In fact, verifiability is far less of a problem with testing than it is with strategic arms deployment, where the Administration is presumably concentrating its negotiating attention. A nuclear explosion is by nature a conspicuous event, and there is no disagreement that any blast larger than a few KT can be detected and measured, given the kinds of seismic monitoring stations, data exchanges, and on-site follow-up inspections the Russians have already agreed to. As the Administration correctly notes, the smaller the explosion, the greater the probability of escaping detection. But one-shot tests are almost useless militarily; for purposes of weapons development, tests must be carried out in a series. If there is an 80 percent chance that a given small blast will go undetected, there is necessarily an 80 percent chance that at least one of a series of seven such blasts *will* be detected. These are bad odds for a potential violator. The risk of low-yield violations is real; we are persuaded, however, that it is far less compelling than the risk of unpredictable technological advances which continued testing makes possible.

In passing, Administration spokesmen have suggested that a few Soviet tests may have somewhat exceeded the 150-KT limit specified by the two threshold treaties. This has been advanced as an argument for amending those treaties. We think it's a better argument for ratifying them—thus bringing their protocols into effect—and for moving briskly toward wrapping up the nearly completed comprehensive test ban, with its array of seismic "black boxes" and on-site inspections.

The Administration's other main argument is that continued testing is needed in any case—both to avoid what is called degradation of the reliability of the nuclear stockpile and to permit the development of new warheads. Without testing, it is argued, neither side could be sure that all of its warheads would actually go off. Total reliability, however, is important only for a first strike. For purposes of simple mutual deterrence, it matters not at all if a few of the bombs are duds. Assuming that the stockpiles of both sides "degraded" at roughly equal rates, a test ban would actually increase mutual security by making a first strike less tempting. But it is by no means certain that the stockpiles would deteriorate in the first place. In a 1978 letter to President Carter, Hans Bethe and four other prominent Los Alamos scientists contended that testing is unnecessary for this purpose. "The assurance of continued operability of stockpiled nuclear weapons," they wrote, "has in the past been achieved almost exclusively by non-nuclear testing—by meticulous inspection and disassembly of the components" and by other methods. Perhaps these men are wrong. But the comprehensive test ban, as envisaged in the now-abandoned negotiations, would have an initial duration of only three years. In case of serious reliability problems that only nuclear testing could cure, there would be a chance, before renewing the treaty, for whatever testing was deemed urgent.

The second half of this argument—that testing is needed to develop new weapons—is both more serious and more dangerous. It reflects the same shortsighted thinking, the same bleak faith in technical as against political solutions to the problem of nuclear war that has given us a hair-trigger world bristling with ever more numerous and deadly weapons of mass annihilation. If a comprehensive test ban would effectively put an end to the race to improve the quality and power of nuclear warheads, so much the better. That is precisely the point of the exercise.

A COMPREHENSIVE test ban would not be a panacea. It is much less important than mutual reductions in strategic arms, to which the Reagan Administration remains firmly committed. A test ban is probably less important than the kinds of improvements in command-and-control procedures, and in Soviet-American emergency communications, that knowledegable Senators like Sam Nunn, Henry Jackson, and Gary Hart have been pressing for. And a ban is certainly less important than preventing America's allies, and the Reagan Administration itself, from abetting the proliferation of nuclear weapons by peddling plutonium technology to whoever is willing to pay for it. But a comprehensive test ban would complement all of these efforts, and can go forth independently of any of them.

It is sometimes argued that a Soviet-American test ban would help prevent proliferation by setting a good example to potential nuclear powers. We doubt it; nations will continue to be guided by what they see as their national interests. The United States is no exception; and we think our country's interests would be served by a comprehensive ban. At the very least, the development of new warhead technology would be slowed. More important, the effort to negotiate a ban would measure Soviet willingness to go through with

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on-site inspection. This is a critical question, because meaningful strategic arms control—whether it takes the form of a "freeze" or of the deep cuts President Reagan has proposed—will require on-site inspection of a far more intrusive kind. The test ban would dip a toe into those murky waters.

The Administration's decision to drop the comprehensive test ban negotiations inevitably creates new and profound doubts about the depth of its commitment to arms control—and this is perhaps the most important reason of all why that decision should be reversed. The editorial page of *The Wall Street Journal*, which often reflects the views of the Administration's more troglodyte elements, shares those doubts—or, as it sees them, those hopes. The abandonment of the test ban negotiations, the *Journal* noted with evident satisfaction, "represents a first hesitant step away from the whole notion of negotiating arms agreements with the Soviet Union." Ronald Reagan's job is to prove that judgment wrong.

Stiffing The Waiter

"Not since antitrust spoilsports put the kibosh on the Gilded Age has an American capitalist reveled so openly in the pleasures that money can buy," says *People* magazine in a recent profile of Malcolm Forbes, publisher and owner of *Forbes* magazine. *People* breathlessly describes the lavish parties at Malcolm's various palaces hither and thither around the globe but reports that Mrs. Forbes prefers their "cabin" in Wyoming and only "*Forbes* social commitments compel her to return" back East. Kicking off a cross-country balloon trip in 1973, Mr. Forbes told reporters: "What in the hell has this to do with a business magazine? The answer is, 'Nothing at all.' It is just for the fun-ness of it." But he added that it was also good publicity for *Forbes*. In Mr. Forbes's office, *People* notes, "The newspaper articles he clips are in a diamond-studded Fabergé folder and his pencils bristle from a ruby, diamond, and nephrite Fabergé vase." And he summons assistants "with jade Fabergé pushbuttons."

What is wrong with this portrait of the successful capitalist enjoying the fruits of his labors? What's wrong is that, as hints in the story make clear, most of the frolicking and Fabergé fall into the category of tax-deductible business expense. Every dollar of this sort that Mr. Forbes spends not only provides a dollar's worth of wretched excess, but also reduces his tax bill by approximately 46 cents.

For years tax reformers have pointed out the injustice of allowing consumption to masquerade as business expense, especially when most of the opportunity for tax-free consumption comes to those who can afford more consumption anyway. But the expense-account culture is too deeply ingrained, especially on Capitol Hill. Jimmy Carter's legislation against the "three martini lunch" never got reported out of committee. But then, at 4 a.m. on July 23, looking for a couple extra billion dollars to top off this year's tax bill, Senator Robert Dole of Kansas proposed, and a tired Senate agreed, to deny deductions for half the cost of business entertainment. The other half, and business meals while traveling, would still be deductible. This is an astonishing and heartening development, and we urge the Democratic-controlled House to endorse it before the Republicans wake up.

Two main objections to this reform are being heard. One is that some waiters and busboys may lose their jobs if business people are forced to finance their dining habits with less help from the government. But if the government wishes to create jobs through tax subsidies, the restaurant is not the place to start. (See "Hard Times," TNR, August 9, for some better suggestions.) The second objection is that business entertainment is not mere consumption but a valid business tool. In fact, it can be both. As Malcolm Forbes's son told *People*, "Business and pleasure overlap." This is still a rather lame justification for a tax subsidy. But a rule permitting a deduction of half such expenses has a certain rough justice about it.

There is roughness but no justice in the Reagan Administration's reaction to the Senate move. Treasury Secretary Donald Regan threatened that the White House might support the change unless Congress agrees to a crackdown on the unreported income of restaurant workers. The businessman's martini, in other words, is being held hostage for the waiter's tip. It is not hard to predict which one will be released. "He didn't believe in overtipping," Malcolm Forbes reminisced about his father in *People*. Neither, God knows, does our President.

Pie In The Sky

Wait a minute—doesn't the Reagan Administration believe in the free market? and deregulation? and isn't it against labor featherbedding? Well, yes—but not when it comes to the so-called Labor Protection Provisions for the airline industry. Senator Robert Packwood plans to slip a rider onto a bill in House-Senate conference that would require airlines laying off workers to pay them 60 percent of their salaries for up to five years. It would be perfectly appropriate for unions representing airline workers to bargain for such severance benefits, but it's against the spirit of both deregulation and collective bargaining for the government to mandate them. It's also a terrible

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precedent: every union with political muscle soon will want the same protection. And with so many airlines already near bankruptcy (1981 losses were $400 million), such a rule might push teetering companies over the brink, with predictable effects on employment. For all these reasons, Administration budget managers opposed the measure. But the White House, which doesn't love Senator Packwood, undercut David Stockman and passed the word that it has no objections. Reason? The chief beneficiaries of the bill are members of the Air Line Pilots Association, which, not coincidentally, supported the Administration's crackdown on the striking Professional Air Traffic Controllers Organization. This is a political payoff. It's bad policy and utterly without principle.

NOTEBOOK

☐ GREAT MOMENTS IN FUNDAMENTALISM: "The Rev. Jerry Falwell, leader of the Moral Majority, a church-based conservative political action group, wrote that he had talked with [Proctor & Gamble's] chairman 'and I am certain neither he nor his company is associated in any way with Satanism or Devil worship.' " (From *The New York Times*, July 22.)

☐ EVEN IN THE SUN BELT, it seems, people are beginning to adjust to the new era of supply-side downward mobility. "The friends of Houston socialite Jan Williams are still talking about the 'absolutely unique' 35th birthday bash she gave last month," writes Maryln Schwartz in *The Dallas Morning News*. "It was a costume party. Arriving 'in costume' meant that all thirty-eight women invited to the luncheon had to dress in outfits costing less than $150." Wait, there's more. " 'Some people thought we should have set the limit at $100 and really made it tough,' explained Williams via telephone. 'But I was afraid if I did that, no one would take it seriously. If the limit was $100, a lot of them wouldn't even have tried.' " Not to worry. It's going to be an absolutely *divine* Depression.

☐ DUE TO A TYPOGRAPHICAL ERROR, a sentence in last week's editorial, "Hard Times," was miscast. The sentence should have read: "By 1978 these [transfer] payments totaled $224 billion, and spending on subsidized jobs, mostly in the CETA program, only $10 billion."

☐ FIFTY YEARS AGO IN THE NEW REPUBLIC: "I recognize that a person who like myself is habituated to the use of books may, because of familiarity, underrate the part they can play in development of a self-directed responsible intelligence." (Book review, by John Dewey, August 17, 1932.)

ON THE HILL

DEFICITS ANONYMOUS

SENATOR ROBERT T. STAFFORD, a Vermont Republican who is co-sponsoring the constitutional amendment to require balanced budgets, listened patiently not long ago as a lobbyist tried to change his mind. Then he confessed. "I know this is a bad idea," the lobbyist quotes him as saying, "but I'm getting enormous pressure from back home and from the Administration." Stafford, a moderate with ADA ratings consistently in the 50s and 60s, decided to hold fast as a co-sponsor, for which his press secretary hastened to apologize. "He isn't," the spokesman allowed, "enthusiastic."

Enthusiasm, in fact, was not much in evidence as the world's greatest deliberative body rushed manically to embrace a patent hoax as the prospective Twenty-seventh Amendment to the Constitution. Stafford is far from alone in his embarrassment. Perhaps that should be comforting, since it is pleasant to suppose that some members of Congress know a manifest fraud when they see one. Friends of good government will therefore be happy to learn that no more than a couple of dozen Senators, by most estimates, actually believe that a balanced budget amendment is a swell idea. The other supporters—there are, after all, sixty-one co-sponsors—are merely confused, cynical, or afraid to vote no.

Until recently, the greatest irony of this whole spectacle was that a good many ostensible supporters (as well as the few, timid opponents) evidently thought the amendment so preposterous that they solaced themselves with the belief that *someone* would surely stop it—if not in the Senate, then in the House, and if not in the House, then in the state legislatures. Now, the greatest irony is that they were probably wrong. There's no such thing as a sure bet in Congress, but both supporters and opponents were predicting early passage in the Senate, and House Speaker Thomas P. ("Tip") O'Neill has said he can't block it in the House. "It's the safest way out," says Chris Matthews, O'Neill's top aide. "Also the most cowardly."

Curious citizens might well wonder just how Congress could have worked itself into such a state, even in an election year. The public is by now resigned to a certain amount of artistic frivolity in the legislative process, but it isn't every year that Congress goes finger painting on the Constitution. The difference this time is that the balanced budget amendment, a crackpot project of some years' standing, is on the we're-not-kidding agenda of the same sort of ideologues people have been underestimating since the 1980 election campaign. Combining generalized public sentiment against large deficits with the crass self-

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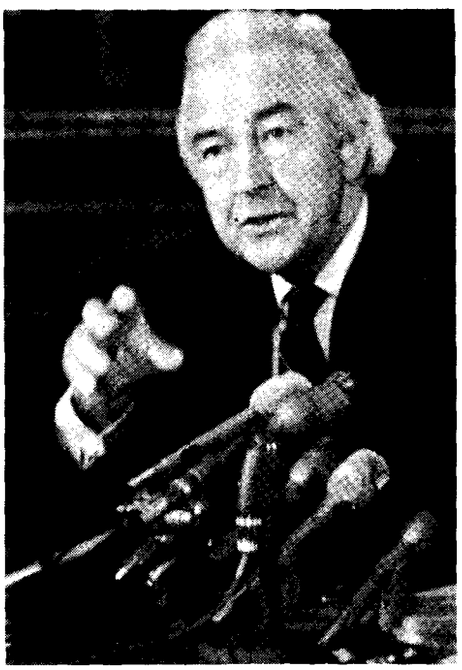
Minnesota can make it happen

Return McCarthy To The Senate

We are happy that Eugene McCarthy has accepted the challenge that must be made in the Minnesota Democratic-Farmer-Labor Party primary in 1982.

McCarthy has helped make the proud history of the Minnesota DFL in American politics during his five terms in the House of Representatives and two terms in the United States Senate.



He served every proper interest of Minnesota citizens, and earned a national and international reputation as a leader of prophetic insight and uncommon courage.

In and out of Congress, McCarthy has been in the front rank of political leaders willing to face the hard issues of peace and justice: nuclear proliferation and militarization of foreign policy, corporate feudalism and bureaucratic power, human rights and civil liberties, economic opportunities and welfare rights, control of the IRS, the FBI, and the CIA.

This is another of those times when the right candidate and the real issues come together. As Sen. Daniel Patrick Moynihan says: "Gene McCarthy has been missed in the Senate. His absence has been manifest. His return will be most welcome."

We remember the eloquent words spoken by Eugene McCarthy in behalf of another great Democrat, Adlai Stevenson: "There was one man who said, Let's talk sense to the American people ... He said that this is a time for greatness. He did not say he possessed it. He did not even say he was destined for it. He did say that the heritage of America is one of greatness ... He moved their minds and stirred their hearts."

We believe these words apply to Gene McCarthy in 1982 when he calls for absolute political confrontation of the kind which finally denied moral and political support to the Presidents conducting the war in Vietnam.

Only Minnesota voters can elect McCarthy, but we urgently need your help now.

The denomination of national politics by family wealth and corporate Political Action Committees fostered by the Federal Elections Act threatens the open politics of Minnesota. (As of July 30, McCarthy's DFL opponent, Mark Dayton, reported personal expenditures of more than $3 million of a campaign fund of $3.1 million. Republican David Durenberger reported contributions of $1.8 million.)

MINNESOTA DFL PRIMARY, SEPT. 14

McCarthy Volunteers
Mark Winkler, Treasurer
15 First Street South
Minneapolis, MN 55401

___ I want to help return McCarthy to the Senate. Enclosed is $_____

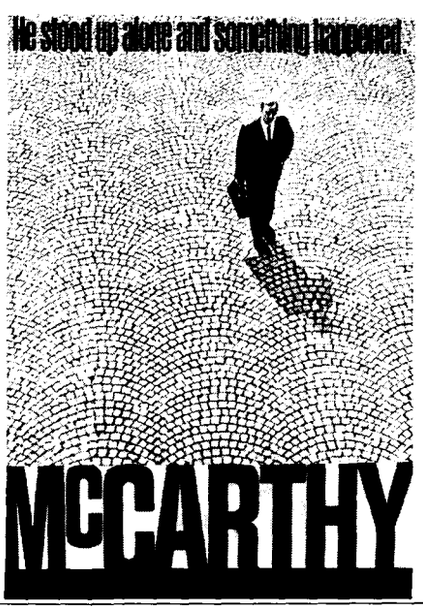
___ I want more information about the McCarthy campaign.

Name _____

Address _____

City, State, Zip _____

Paid for by McCarthy Volunteers, Mark Winkler, Treasurer.



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interest of Republican politicians—and abetted by the cheerful neglect of liberal Democrats—these ideologues have brought the amendment from apparent oblivion a few months ago to a commanding position at the close of the 97th Congress.

For years, cranks have been calling for a constitutional convention to mandate balanced budgets, and a steady stream of state legislatures (thirty-one at last count) endorsed the scheme. Two years ago, emphasis began shifting back to an amendment via the usual route. Last July, the Senate Judiciary Committee voted overwhelmingly to report such an amendment (in the form of Senate Joint Resolution 58) to the floor, to the mild amusement and general disinterest of mainstream media and politicians. Those few lobbyists who tried to build opposition—chiefly from organized labor—met with patronizing smiles. "It's been like saying the sky is falling," said Mike Gildea, a legislative officer of the AFL-CIO. "Now, people are finally getting worried and saying, 'Hey, this is going to pass,' and I say, *no-o-o-o-o shit*."

Two groups, the National Taxpayers Union and the National Tax Limitation Committee, have led the direct mail campaign. The NTLC mailing includes heavy-stock postcards addressed to the White House and—with the help of computer sorting—to the Senators and Representatives of each household solicited. Senator Arlen Specter, a moderate Pennsylvania Republican, has received twenty thousand such postcards.

Representative Henry Hyde, an Illinois Republican, said: "I had a letter sent around my district saying that because I wasn't a co-sponsor of this I must be listening to Tip O'Neill and the big spenders. I was absolutely livid about that. It's a rotten, filthy tactic." It's also no more than to be expected, given the mechanization of correspondence to and from Congress. Senator Patrick Leahy, a Vermont Democrat, described the mail debate at a press conference called to oppose the balanced budget amendment: "Our computer sends to their computer a slogan, which, if our slogans match, their computer can record as being 'right' on the issue."

THE TROUBLE IS THAT the NTU and the NTLC, joined lately by President Reagan, have managed to associate the balanced budget amendment in the public mind with the perfectly reasonable goal of bringing the budgetary process under control. Polls show that many Americans care with nearly religious fervor about balancing the budget, and good Keynesians have no reason, in the abstract, to insist on perpetual yearly deficits in the tens and hundreds of billions of dollars. In some years—years of economic boom, high inflation, and low unemployment—a balanced budget, or even a surplus, makes more theoretical sense than a deficit. But a constitutional amendment, as a vehicle for seriously approaching serious budgetary problems, is a farce. It is a measure of the amendment's puerility that two hundred reputable economists signed a single letter condemning it. Any number of editorial feuds—Carl Rowan and George Will, *The Washington Post* and *The Wall Street Journal*—have been set aside for a common snicker.

As drafted, the amendment requires Congress to adopt a statement each year balancing "outlays" and "receipts," unless either a three-fifths majority votes to incur deficit spending or there is a formally declared war. It also provides that tax receipts (and therefore spending) may not grow faster than "national income," thus discouraging the use of higher taxes to balance the budget. Advocates in Congress and in the White House portray the measure as a means of forcing legislators to do what they are unable or unwilling to do without coercion.

SCOFFERS COMPARE the balanced budget amendment to Prohibition, and the analogy holds in more ways than one. Congress and the President are playing the role of the confessed boozer who can't keep away from that demon deficit and claims to be turning over a new leaf. It's as if W. C. Fields were to announce that from now on, in order to lick his drinking problem, he would wear a bag over his head at cocktail time. It wouldn't stop the drinking, of course, and it would look silly besides. Worse, it would compound his tendency to walk into walls. Despite all evidence to the contrary, fiscal winos like Ronald Reagan and Orrin Hatch stand there, red-nosed, insisting that the bag is just the cure they need.

There is only one way the amendment can accomplish what it purports to intend, and that is for Congress to make the impossibly painful spending cuts necessary to balance the budget immediately after ratification. According to a report prepared for Senator Daniel Patrick Moynihan by the Wharton Economic Forecasting Associates, if the balanced budget amendment had taken effect in July 1981—along with the rest of the Reagan economic program—and if "untouchable" outlays for defense, veterans, Social Security, Medicare, and debt service were held steady, there wouldn't even be enough money left over to pay unemployment compensation to the estimated 15 percent of the work force that would be jobless. Federal courts, Congress, and the White House would have to close down, as would such frills as the Postal Service, law enforcement agencies, and energy, transportation, education, and housing programs.

Of course, there's a certain melodrama to such projections, but the essential point is that voting to require a balanced budget is a good deal easier than making the catastrophic cuts in defense, entitlements, or services that a balanced budget implies. Since Congress, rightly in most cases, won't want to make those cuts, there are several ways it can weasel out of the predicament. For one thing, it can simply vote every year, by a three-fifths majority, to waive the balanced budget requirement. In that case, nothing changes other than

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that the Constitution must hereafter wear an ugly, pointless blotch. Or, since both "receipts" and "outlays" depend upon economic forecasts, Congress can doctor its forecasts as it pleases. Projecting inflation and unemployment rates at 4 percent and GNP growth at 10 percent can do wonders for balancing the budget. Then again, since only Congress decides what is and what is not in the budget, it can vote for any number of "off-budget" expenditures, which merely corrupts public discourse. Or, as Moynihan points out, Congress can simply declare war on someplace like Iceland and spend to its hearts' content. (Iceland could be amply indemnified for the indignity, since the deficit would no longer be a problem.) Because one or another of these schemes will undoubtedly come to be used if the amendment becomes law, many liberals have decided not to worry too much. The amendment may be fraudulent, they figure, but it's also frivolous.

They are wrong. There are two very practical reasons to worry about what this amendment could do. First, since courts are the arbiters of the Constitution, it is altogether possible that citizens (not to mention the ACLU or NTU) could file individual or class action lawsuits against Congress if they didn't like the way it balanced the budget. Somebody would certainly try. Surely the "conservatives" pushing for a balanced budget amendment—many of whom have been whining for years about judicial activism—don't want to see the budget of the United States rewritten from the bench. Second, there is a built-in deadlock associated with the three-fifths "supermajority" necessary to authorize deficit spending under the amendment. What if fifty-five Senators refuse to vote for a balanced budget and forty-five refuse to vote for a deficit? The few supermajority requirements presently in force (for filibusters, treaties, and constitutional amendments) create no such deadlock potential.

NONE OF THIS is news to many of the legislators backing the balanced budget amendment. Co-sponsor Barry Goldwater told a national audience on "Face the Nation" last March that such an amendment is "impractical" and "isn't going to help." Co-sponsor Arlen Specter dissented from the committee report that recommended passage. Co-sponsor Dave Durenberger's staff concedes that the amendment would never pass in a secret ballot. Co-sponsor Charles Percy admits to "reservations." Co-sponsor Rudy Boschwitz predicted on the Senate floor that the amendment would prompt dozens of lawsuits before it was understood in practice. And so on. None of this is to say there are not members of Congress who have trouble grasping the issue. One anti-amendment Representative thinks it charitable to suggest that most of his colleagues are ignorant. "I would say 15 percent of the Congress has studied it and understands it," he said. "The rest don't care—it sounds good and they can't resist it."

The real story of the balanced budget amendment is that it is likely to collect two-thirds of the Senate and House and then the approval of the necessary thirty-eight states—even though much of its support comes from people who privately and semiprivately acknowledge it for what it is: an attempt to splash graffiti all over the stately chiseled marble of the Constitution of the United States. The notion that they might seek to educate public opinion, rather than bow to its seeming pressures, would probably frighten them if they took it seriously. But they don't.

BARTON GELLMAN

A dead end (and a way out).

PEACE OR THE PLO

THE ISRAELI SIEGE of Beirut has brought the PLO into the center of diplomatic activity. An international rescue mission is now under way, aiming to enable Yasir Arafat to leave the city, if he leaves, with something he can call a victory. The mission is inspired, in part, by a humanitarian concern about civilian casualties, but it is also, and probably more crucially, inspired by a political argument about the role of the PLO in future peace negotiations. The humanitarian concern is right, but the political argument, I think, is wrong, and it is important to try to say why.

The argument about the PLO and peace goes this way: Israel's military triumph in southern Lebanon has destroyed the PLO's military option and effectively transformed the organization from an "army" into a movement. It has pushed Palestinian moderates like Isaam Sartawi into positions of power that they could never have won for themselves. Arafat now speaks through these men, and both he and they are prepared to recognize Israel and to renounce both terrorism and war. Hence the PLO can finally be brought into the peace negotiations—and it must be brought in if there is ever to be an overall, durable settlement.

It is not impossible that a reformed PLO could play some part in an eventual Mideast peace. I will even suggest at the end of this article a part it could usefully play. But the argument I have just rehearsed involves a profound misunderstanding of the kind of organization the PLO is and the interests it represents. The misunderstanding doesn't have to do with leadership and doctrine. No doubt the Palestinian people, ever since 1947, have been ill-served by their leaders; no doubt the doctrinal commitments of the PLO have been and remain today destructive and self-destructive. But

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leaders can change their minds, doctrines can be revised. If a small group of men making speeches or signing statements can constitute political reality, then they can as easily reconstitute it. In fact, politics is more recalcitrant than that. The problem with the PLO goes much deeper, lies, indeed, at its very foundation.

THE PLO is the authentic representative not of the Palestinian people but of the refugees in the camps, most immediately of the refugees in the Lebanese camps. These people provide its popular base and its manpower, and it provides their political voice. The refugees (or their parents or grandparents) come from Israel proper, from Haifa or Jaffa or Beersheba, not from the West Bank, and it is to Israel proper that they long to return. Their claims on Israel are total—and the PLO represents those claims. It can't renounce them without giving up its political role. And it is that fact that explains Arafat's inability to say plainly what his would-be rescuers would like him to say. He would satisfy them quickly enough if only he could do so quietly enough. But he has to be able, when he speaks to his own people, when he rallies his only constituency, to promise the destruction of Israel and the triumphant return of the refugees. Later, if not sooner: but he can't promise anything less.

The one thing Arafat is not able to do is to tell the painful truth, that there is no going back, that the Palestinian diaspora is permanent. Some of the Palestinians in Lebanon may one day settle on the West Bank, but the greater number must be absorbed where they are. The PLO depends for its very existence on that not happening—on the refugees remaining refugees, unsettled, unabsorbed, unreconciled. And hence its politics is necessarily irredentist and revanchist. Palestinian moderation requires another locus and another constituency.

It was the genius of the Camp David agreements to look to the right place and the right people, that is, to the West Bank and its inhabitants. For these people are at home where they are, and they make only partial claims on Israel: not that it disappear but that it withdraw from a particular piece of territory. Their authentic representatives are the mayors (some of them now ex-mayors) elected in the mid-1970s. The mayors say of themselves that they are sympathizers with or members of the PLO. So, I assume, they are; that is the way they assert their nationalistic commitments. But they speak for interests very different from those of the refugees, interests that are concrete, limited, and negotiable, and their relations with Arafat are tense and difficult. Before the most recent turn in Begin's occupation policy, the most radical of them cooperated with Israeli authorities in the day-to-day administration of their villages and towns. They are opposed to the Israeli occupation, not to the existence of Israel. To live side by side with the Jewish state is, for them, a real option. Indeed, whether the prospect pleases them or not, it is the necessary goal of their politics.

It is because of these differences that the PLO has not been able to generate any sort of guerrilla struggle on the West Bank (though it may be able to do this in Lebanon if the Israelis stay in Lebanon). Strikes and demonstrations had mostly had local causes and they have thrown up local leaders. Begin's settlement policies and the associated seizure of land and water may yet drive the Palestinians of the occupied territories into the hands of the PLO, turning them into something like refugees in their own country, but for the moment they still represent an alternative politics. When they talk of self-determination, they are talking only about themselves. The PLO claims to speak for all the Palestinians, yet it is the West Bankers who are the effective surrogates of their people—much as the *Yishuv* (the Jewish community in British Palestine) was of the Jewish people in the 1940s. And it is with them, or perhaps with the Jordanians and them together, that Israel will one day make peace.

I find it hard to believe that the PLO will play any active role in this process, though perhaps if its leaders and militants are defeated in Lebanon and cut off from their popular base, they or some of them will acquiesce in it. That would be a useful thing to do, and that is what they should be asked to do. But it is important to understand what that acquiescence would mean. Were Arafat ever to authorize the participation of the mayors in the autonomy talks, for example, he would begin the dismantling of the PLO. The council elected under the autonomy regime would become the crucial vehicle of Palestinian politics. Its authority would be rejected, of course, by radical groups based in Syria or Iraq, but such groups could probably not mount such an effective challenge. If the PLO survives at all, it would take on a form rather like that of the Zionist Congress today: a hortatory force, not a decison-making body. The refugees in Lebanon would develop their own self-help and mutual-aid societies, like other displaced ethnic minorities in other parts of the world. And they would watch with pride, and perhaps contribute to, the political and economic development of the West Bank.

IT IS SIMPLY UNTRUE, then, that the PLO is vital to the cause of peace. What peace requires, instead, is the end of the PLO and its replacement by some Palestinian equivalent of the old Jewish Agency. And the only place for the replacement is the West Bank. Just as the agency made the crucial decisions that led to the creation of Israel, and the Jewish diaspora followed, so something like a Palestinian Agency must make the crucial decisions now, and the Palestinian diaspora must follow. For decisions made in the camps, or in Beirut or Damascus, are bound to be utopian and extremist, while decisions made at home, so to speak, will be realistic and moderate.

Prime Minister Begin may yet discover that his

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victory in Lebanon has established the one crucial condition for the defeat of his annexationist dreams. But such a political defeat for Begin or the West Bank requires, paradoxically, a political victory in Lebanon —requires, in other words, that nothing that is done to lift the siege of Beirut will turn attention away from the West Bank or strengthen the hand of Palestinian leaders who have no interest in autonomy. The peace process waits upon the failure of the international effort to save the political name of the PLO.

MICHAEL WALZER

East Germany's peace offering.

THE PEACE PASTOR

East Berlin

THE CHILLINGLY SWIFT apprehension in early June of eleven Soviet citizens who tried to join the international peace movement leaves East Germany with the only surviving independent voice for peace in Eastern Europe. Proclaiming, as all Eastern European governments do, that the official peace movement is all the country needs or wants, the Soviet authorities merely fulfilled expectations, especially at a time when a new head of the KGB still has a reputation for bullying to establish.

What is surprising is that East Germany's much stronger peace movement, numbering as many as five thousand supporters, has been tolerated for so long. The movement's most prominent member and thus its unofficial head, a 39-year-old Evangelical Lutheran pastor named Reiner Eppelmann, believes that the Soviet Union was instrumental in securing his release after only forty-eight hours in prison. The crackdown in Moscow has not shaken Eppelmann's private theory that the Russians encourage his peace movement to weaken NATO and to fuel the antinuclear movement in Western Europe. "I expected to be in jail for a couple of years," Eppelmann told me recently, with a rare laugh. He usually wears a serious and careful demeanor on a face that looks remarkably like that of the young Lenin. "The Russians told the government to let me out," he firmly contends.

Eppelmann's offense was writing a fiery five-paragraph open letter, which was picked up and printed in the West German press, advocating the removal of all foreign "occupation troops" from both East and West Germany and the demilitarization of East German society. Written with Marxist philosopher Robert Havemann only weeks before Havemann's death in April, the letter became known as the Berlin Appeal. It advocates a nuclear-free zone in Europe, starting with the dismantling of all nuclear weapons in Germany, and rigorously questions the growing militarization of East Germany with its war toys, military education in schools, civil defense exercises, and the lack of alternatives open to conscripts (the present "construction soldier" option, the only alternative to the draft in Eastern Europe, stigmatizes the young men who take it, putting them out of favor with the government and making it difficult for them to get good jobs). Eppelmann strongly objects to the state kindergartens where children play with realistic toy hand grenades and to weekend civil-defense exercises in which whole cities learn to respond to mock warnings of nuclear attack by boarding up windows against radiation and learning to treat the victims of the attack—as though a nuclear war were feasible and winnable.

Eppelmann invited me to discuss the issues of peace with him at his house in a northern Berlin suburb. He professes to a "naive belief" in being able to address his government as its constitution prescribes. He is the picture of measured calm, apparently unconcerned that his phones and home are bugged or even that a West German was sentenced to five years in prison for for having informal contacts with the East German peace movement. For Eppelmann, participation in the peace movement is a crucial part of his pastoral duties, which are directed primarily at young people, and of his own conscientious objection, for which he was jailed years ago in his only previous brush with authorities. Despite his modest appearance and surprise at all the attention he is getting in the West European press, he has courted danger since he began instituting "peace masses" two years ago. The masses, which have attracted as many as 6,500 worshippers from all over East Germany, feature American folk songs with German lyrics that refer to subjects like the Soviet invasion of Afghanistan and have themes concerning peace and the dangers of nuclear war. Eppelmann spent one day of his two-day interrogation explaining that the services are not political cabaret but the expression of religious conviction.

EPPELMANN DID NOT intend to embark on a political career when he wrote a letter last October to East German Communist Party chief Erich Honecker, offering his advice on measures he believes the government should take to secure peace. Receiving no response, Eppelmann wrote a second letter to Honecker, and finally the third letter with Havemann, which he read to his congregation and which eventually found its way into the West German press.

Eppelmann says that the West German peace movement inspired his own thinking and influenced his first letter. At the time, East German television provided generous coverage of the West German peace movement. Now East Germans must follow it on West

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German television, and, Eppelmann commented, "We communicate with each other in the peace movement through the coverage we get in the West German press and TV."

Despite its leniency toward Eppelmann, the East German government's antagonism to the country's growing peace movement has already jeopardized its close relations with the semiofficial Evangelical Lutheran Church, which claims the allegiance of eight million of East Germany's seventeen million people. The government originally tolerated the church's independent peace efforts, including the distribution of hundreds of thousands of peace armbands the church made by finding a flaxlike cloth that was not specifically banned in laws controlling the country's printing presses. The church also attracted five thousand young people to a peace forum held in February in conjunction with the official memorial service for the Dresden bombing in World War II. Soon after the Dresden meeting, the government evidently decided the West German movement was not worth encouraging if it provided an impetus for the East German activists. It ordered a stop to the production of armbands and took other measures, such as stopping the TV coverage of the movement in West Germany. But the Evangelical Lutheran Church seems to have found the peace movement useful, both to make itself more attractive to young people and to make amends for its acquiescence to the dominant political authority—a stigma that applied as much to Nazi rule as to the present regime.

ACCORDING TO EPPLEMANN, the church hierarchy is divided between those who "think church is for prayers and singing and those for whom it has a role in people's lives." He clearly depends on his church to keep the peace movement alive, and he described his own efforts as little more than a nudge to make the church hierarchy represent more of the people's interests to the government. Eppelmann applauds such ecclesiastical bravery as the church's Easter letter to all parishes attacking the government's crackdown on the peace armbands. He appreciates its efforts to secure his own release from prison, for which he even abided by the church's request that he not grant interviews—until now.

Eppelmann fears that if the church cannot be fully committed to the independent peace movement by November, when elections are held for new church officials, conservatives will be brought in to replace the present lenient church hierarchy. But if Eppelmann succeeds, the East German government will have walked into just the trap the crackdown was supposed to prevent. Of all East European countries, East Germany railed most vociferously against the liberalization in Poland and the rise of Solidarity. East German officials were disdainful of the Polish leaders for failing to nip the protest in the bud, an example that outsiders point to as the motivation for the Germans' swift turnaround on the peace movement.

However, the very haste of the East German government's reaction may have pushed the once docile Evangelical Lutheran Church into becoming a haven and even supporter of the dissidents, who could never achieve their goals on their own. The church, like the Catholic Church in Poland, could become an institutional voice of dissent and a real alternative force in the society. The loose structure of the church, with its autonomous districts and lack of rigorous authority, prevents its wielding the same political force as the Polish Catholics, but this structure also facilitates the work of young pastors like Reiner Eppelmann.

THE CHURCH is clearly reluctant either to assume a more active role or to back down on its present defense of the peace movement. It has been most vocal in promoting a "social peace service" as an alternative to the draft, but the government has dismissed the idea and left church leaders to forage for issues that will inspire its people without offending the authorities. But so far, at least, it has refused to abandon Eppelmann and his supporters.

Because the Berlin Appeal espoused not only peace but also far-reaching changes in East German society, it was assumed to be particularly offensive to the authorities there. But the continued toleration of Eppelmann while independent East European peace movements are being destroyed raises the intriguing possibility that Eppelmann's most radical demands struck a responsive chord in Moscow, if not in East Berlin. Though the neutralization of Germany is not a new idea (indeed, Eppelmann's advocacy of neutralism is the Christian version of Robert Havemann's independent Marxist stance), it now seems that for the first time the Soviet Union is taking certain steps to tolerate the notion. The Soviet authorities applauded Helmut Schmidt's meeting with Erich Honecker last December after the military coup in Poland—a breach of Western unity Schmidt defended on grounds that the two Germanies have their own interests apart from the confrontation of the superpowers. More important, the Soviet Union is backing away from its close economic ties to Eastern Europe now that its raw materials can earn more on the world market than in Communist-bloc trading. Economically, Eastern Europe is becoming a liability to the Soviets, a change that will ultimately have considerable repercussions within the Eastern bloc. If Reiner Eppelmann's call for a neutral and nuclear-free united Germany is a harbinger of such changes, his bravery will be rewarded in more unexpected and fateful ways than he could ever have imagined.

FRANK LIPSIUS

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Bigoted men on campus.

RAG-TIME AT DARTMOUTH

IN MAY an administrator at Dartmouth College bit a student in the chest. Although biting people one disagrees with is considered a breach of civility in most circles, at Dartmouth the incident aroused more sympathy for the biter than for the bitten. "There are any number of people who would have responded like that," one faculty member remarked, and a student added: "This was pretty mild compared to what people had expected would happen."

Strange as this incident might seem to an outsider, it came as no surprise in Hanover, New Hampshire. The student was a founder of *The Dartmouth Review*; the administrator, an alumni-relations officer, attacked him as he was attempting to distribute copies of the paper to a building on campus. The fight between the independent student-run conservative newspaper and Dartmouth College has been raging since the *Review* published its debut issue in the spring of 1980. The leaders of the student government, the college president, and many faculty members contend that the newspaper is racist, irresponsible, and mean-spirited; the paper's editors claim that a "knee-jerk liberal" college administration is trying to stifle a dissenting—i.e., conservative—point of view.

The *Review*'s critics accuse the paper of victimizing individuals and minority groups through innuendo, vulgar attacks, and unfunny jokes that have a nasty edge to them. The critics have a point. In the past year the paper has proclaimed that "Genocide means never having to say you're sorry"; has illustrated an interview with a Ku Klux Klansman with a staged photograph of a black man hanging from a tree on the Dartmouth campus; and has entertained itself, if not its readers, with such jeers as "feminism causes warts." When the *Review* decided to go after Dartmouth's affirmative action program last March, it printed a column entitled "Dis sho' ain't no jive, bro." "Some of us be gettin' into Ivy schools from the inner city, even do we not be bustin our gizzards doin' work," the column read. "But where the Ivy be at? Now we be comin' to Darmut and be up over our 'fros in studies, but we still not be graduatin' Phi Beta Kappa. Maybe dere should be anudda 'firmative action program 'bout dat. Sheet! Citations for blacks wit C's would be bucco nice." This article especially enraged the Dartmouth community and received national press coverage for its outspoken racism. Representative Jack Kemp of New York said he thought the article was "in extremely poor taste" and resigned from the paper's grown-up advisory board, which includes *National Review* publisher William A. Rusher, press critic Edwin Diamond, and Senator Gordon Humphrey of New Hampshire. (One of the lesser-known oddities about the column is that it was written not by the by-lined author, who was graduated in June, but by two other *Review* writers who are still students at Dartmouth.)

Before the *Review* made its debut in June 1980, Dartmouth had begun taking modest steps to increase its affirmative action efforts and to broaden its curriculum. Originally founded as a school for American Indians, Dartmouth had renewed its commitment to the education of Native Americans. The number of female students was increasing, and minority applications were on the rise. The curriculum was expanding to include nontraditional courses such as women's studies and Afro-American studies. The administration had codified its Camelotian ideals into a homily called the "Principle of Community," which decreed that "the life of a Dartmouth student should be based on integrity, responsibility, and consideration. In all activities each student is expected to be sensitive to and respectful of the rights and interests of others." A few weeks after the "Principle" was issued, *The Dartmouth Review* appeared—and blasted the carefully built community into sharp, jagged pieces.

LIKE LEFT-WING student papers of a decade ago, *The Dartmouth Review* loves to outrage and shock the college administration and the liberal establishment. The difference is that instead of also outraging stuffy alumni who harrumph about "kids today," the *Review* panders to them. Indeed, the paper's founding was an indirect result of alumni resentment of changes at Dartmouth. Disaffected conservative alumni nominated an insurgent candidate in a trustee election, and despite the desires of the managing board of *The Dartmouth*, the student daily paper, then-editor Greg Fossedal endorsed the conservative alumni candidate. As a result, his fellow editors fired him. A few weeks later, he started *The Dartmouth Review* "to give alumni and students a conservative view of things."

From the start the paper has been in part an expression of the fears and wants of conservative alumni. The paper's effort to reinstate the Indian as Dartmouth's mascot and its attacks on Indian students are an example of the *Review*'s manipulation of this group. There is no particular attachment to the Indian symbol in conservative political theory, yet the *Review* flaunts the Indian head in much the same way an exorcist brandishes a cross. This devotion is not mere whimsy: by adopting the Indian head as the paper's emblem and making its reinstatement a crusade, the *Review* has secured the support of those alumni who resent the changes which have occurred in the 1970s. The symbol was disavowed in 1974 when Indian students condemned its use as racist, and many alumni viewed the Indian's banishment with disgust as yet another radical change in their alma mater. When the *Review* made it clear that it too wanted to return to the old pre-coed, pre-affirmative action days, these alumni rewarded the

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Review with praise and monetary contributions. In grateful acknowledgment, the *Review* extended its crusade to further antagonize Indians on campus. The paper sells Indian head paraphernalia: canes, patches, and, most telling, doormats. During the college's annual Winter Carnival contest for the best snow sculpture, the *Review* offered a $150 prize for the best sculpture of an Indian. The paper printed versions of the "Ten Little Indians" jingle about Indians getting drunk and committing suicide, and on the back page of one issue it ran the quotation, "The only good Indian is a dead Indian."

THE COLLEGE has reacted just the way the *Review* had hoped—with shocked outrage, loud disclaimers, and bewilderment. The student government, the faculty, and the college president have issued separate statements condemning the paper's tactics. These cries have only helped to give the *Review* the publicity it desires. "We have so much fun because the faculty is so pious and uptight," editor-in-chief William Cattan was quoted as saying of the faculty condemnation. An article which might begin "The faculty of Dartmouth College yesterday condemned . . . " often turns into a profile of the paper and its editors. The *Review* has received extensive coverage in *The New York Times* and other newspapers, and has been profiled in both *Time* and *Newsweek*. This attention has helped to ensure the *Review*'s survival, at least for the near future. Like *The Dartmouth*, the publication receives no funding from the school, but unlike *The Dartmouth*, which charges $7.50 per term, the *Review* distributes copies door-to-door for free on campus. Only 20 percent of the *Review*'s funding comes from advertising; the other 80 percent of its $70,000 budget comes from foundation and individual support. The attention from the national media enables the *Review* to reach millions of potential donors, and endows it with a certain legitimacy—after only two years of publication it is far better known nationally than *The Dartmouth*, which claims to be the oldest student newspaper in the country.

The *Review* has also been adopted by the conservative magazine it imitates, *National Review*, which keeps its readers abreast of every *Dartmouth Review* development in much the same way the local church newsletter apprises its readers of sisterhood events. *National Review* published an article entitled "Dartmouth's Restoration," written by two former *Review* editors and billed as: "A pair of dauntless Dartmouth students describe what led them to take on the administration. . . . " In another hurrah, the magazine estimated that about one hundred conservative college newspapers are being planned for fall publication, and notes with paternal pride, "As Jerry Rubin once remarked, we are everywhere." That *National Review* writes sonnets to *The Dartmouth Review* is not surprising: a filial relationship exists in blood as well as ideology. Benjamin Hart, one of *The Dartmouth Review*'s founders, is the son of *National Review* editor Jeffrey Hart, who is also a professor of English at Dartmouth.

So far the ability to attract attention and upset the Dartmouth community are the paper's strongest points. Its greatest claim to high editorial standards is its reprinting of articles from *National Review*. As for its coverage of campus issues, the newspaper doesn't pretend to be objective. In a news item about a debate on the question "Should elective abortions be illegal?" the *Review* informs its readers: "The opposition, led by an old, myopic and allegedly syphilitic philosopher, found itself totally wasted by a group of students, led by acclaimed surgeon and pro-life spokesman. . . . "

Yet despite the lack of objective reporting, and regardless of how many statements of disapproval are signed, the Dartmouth community reads *The Dartmouth Review*. Its competition, *The Dartmouth*, even advertises in it. It is clear that most people in Hanover disagree with many of the *Review*'s positions and mud-slinging tactics, but whether they read the *Review* for information or laughs is immaterial. Trustee chairman Richard Hill says he thinks the paper's tactics are a "misuse of the freedom of the press," but also says he reads *The Dartmouth Review*, along with *The Dartmouth*, "very carefully" to find out what people are talking about on campus. The *Review*'s detractors do not address this point, but they ought to. Most people who deplore the journalistic ethics of the *National Enquirer*, after all, don't read it.

THERE IS A NEED for special-interest newspapers on college campuses. Daily student newspapers try to be objective in their news coverage and fair on their editorial page, but they do not have the space, or usually the inclination, to publish William Buckley columns. *The Dartmouth* is the most conservative of the Ivy League dailies, but that is only to say it is politically middle-of-the-road. Although *The Dartmouth Review* has been disowned by many campus conservatives, it does provide an alternative point of view.

And finally, the *Review* has succeeded where countless tenured professors have failed—in instigating animated discussions in the Dartmouth community about freedom of the press, affirmative action, women's rights, and journalistic ethics. The *Review* is acting as the college's reactionary id, forcing Dartmouth to reexamine its liberal conscience and defend itself under attack. Although most sensitive people are bound to be disgusted by the paper's tactics, they should accept the paper's challenge and turn the controversy into an experience everyone can learn from.

Meanwhile, the tension has abated for the summer. The *Review*'s founder has recovered from his injury, and the administrator, following a ten-day suspension without pay, has been instructed to keep his teeth to himself.

ROBIN DAVIS

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The mattress doesn't pay interest, but it's probably safer.

BUSTED FLAT ON WALL STREET

BY WILLIAM J. QUIRK

IS CITIBANK BUST? Do its liabilities exceed the value of its assets? It sure looks that way.

The specter of major bank failures was first raised by the banks themselves when they were pressuring the Reagan Administration for the $400-million midnight bailout of the Polish grain loans. The banks persuaded the Administration not to declare Poland in default because it would set off other default declarations, and, as a *New York Times* account put it, "no one was sure where it might end." Presidential counselor Ed Meese explained: "If we should require these banks to exercise the default clause in the contracts, this could plunge a number of banks, particularly in Europe, into bankruptcy."

The Meese explanation conjures up a picture of Western banks swooping and exploding like alien creatures in a game of Space Invaders. The savings and loans and savings banks are already popping spectacularly: more than four hundred have been merged out of existence in the last eighteen months. The commercial banks are now failing at the highest rate since 1942. The chairman of the Federal Deposit Insurance Corporation, William Isaac, explains why: "A combination of the recession and a prolonged period of high interest rates are finally having an effect on the ability of borrowers to repay loans." When the Penn Square Bank of Oklahoma City went under, it took $190 million of uninsured deposits with it. For the first time since the Depression a large number of uninsured depositors will take a loss. It's beginning to look a bit like 1933, when Senator Carter Glass of Virginia, author of the Federal Reserve Act, described the banks as falling "like the leaves in Vallambrosa."

The chairman of Citibank, Walter Wriston, has certainly shown the shortness of temper of someone who believes himself put upon. Early this year *The New York Times* got hold of a ton of leaked documents and ran a front-page story on the 3-to-1 vote of the Securities and Exchange Commission to kill the recommendation of its staff that enforcement proceedings be brought against Citibank. The issue was whether Citibank had cooked the books to shift foreign profits from foggy London to the sunny Cayman Islands, a favorite tax haven. "Thousands of false documents," said the staff reports, were used to make things appear other than they were. There was also no question that Citibank had fired an employee who reported the fancy bookwork to the SEC.

Was this anything for Chairman Wriston to get excited about? The SEC staff should not be that big an irritant to the head of New York's largest bank, the second largest in the United States, with $119 billion of assets and fifty-eight thousand employees. Yet Mr. Wriston wrote the *Times* on February 23:

> Gentlemen:
>
> Joseph McCarthy in his 'best days' could not improve on your caption under my picture in your paper. Finely crafted by some libel lawyer, it quotes some unnamed source that I 'authorized disguised foreign exchange transactions.'
>
> I don't know what a disguised FX [the abbreviation is apparently Wriston's] transaction is, but if you imply that I ever authorized any illegal transaction, you are wrong. My memory is that the *Times* thought McCarthy's methods were reprehensible, but now you have apparently adopted these as a model. It is a shame to see a great newspaper stoop to these methods.

The Wriston letter is notable for its clear and direct use of language. Normally, bankers use euphemisms as reflexively as preachers use analogies. A poor country is a "less developed country," and that gets abbreviated to "LDC"; a default is a "rescheduling"; a second default is a "re-rescheduling"; and "fund availability risk" is the possibility that tomorrow you won't have any money because the Arabs have pulled out their deposits. A sour loan is a "nonperforming loan," which gives the impression of a James Thurber seal who, when a ball is tossed at him, just lies there and looks quizzically at it.

Last fall, in what was to become one of the best-kept secrets on Wall Street, Standard & Poor's dropped the AAA rating of Citibank's parent, Citicorp, to AA. The rating agency cited "reduced profitability levels" during the past two years. Specifically, it noted a management strategy to offer fixed-rate consumer loans and mortgages, installment loans, and credit cards in the hope of funding the loans with low-interest deposits. Citicorp has over $22 billion of such loans outstanding. Instead of profiting, Citicorp has had to cover by borrowing funds at very high interest rates, causing what the industry calls a negative spread.

Moody's followed suit on Citicorp in January, and in March issued an extensive report dropping the rating

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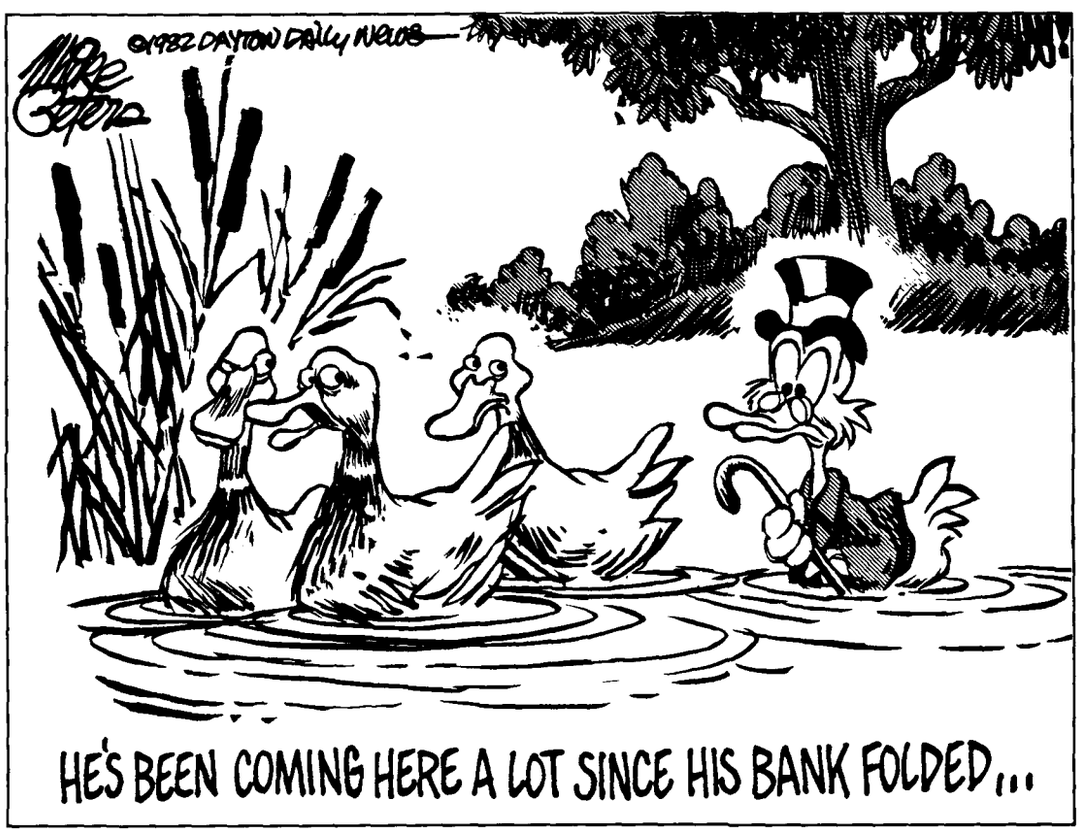
on nine major bank holding companies, including Bank of America, Chase Manhattan, Chemical New York, Manufacturers Hanover, Mellon National, and Continental Illinois. In a roaring understatement, the bank analyst John Ward observed: "Everyone's concerned about the banks."

Some of Citibank's business is as profitable as the dreams of greed could imagine. For example, it holds $2 billion in savings accounts. It pays the hapless depositors 5 percent and relends their money at an average rate of 17.8 percent. All by itself, this scam produced half the bank's total profit for 1981: $260 million out of $530 million. This source of easy money will diminish as time goes by, since, as the S&Ls have discovered, the old low-interest savings-account pigeons are getting smarter and flying to money market funds. Even better than the savings accounts are domestic demand deposits, $7.5 billion, on which Citicorp pays zero percent and relends at 17.8. There's a flight problem here, too—checking accounts and other demand deposits were $10 billion a year earlier, a drop of $2.5 billion in one year. In 1960 half the funds of U.S. commercial banks came from demand deposits; in 1980 the figure was 17 percent.

Even so, it shouldn't be too hard to make money under these circumstances. As Walter Bagehot pointed out in his book *Lombard Street*, published in 1873, banking "ought to be simple; if it is hard, it is *wrong*." Certainly that was the view of William Rockefeller, brother of John D. and a co-founder of Standard Oil, who was a major figure in the history of Citibank.

Lately, however, Citibank has fostered a reputation for brilliant complexity. Its managers have been acclaimed as geniuses. The 1960s were smashing. In 1961 Wriston invented the Certificate of Deposit, a deposit with a time limit; in 1968 came Citicorp, the first-ever bank holding company, which permitted diversification and added more borrowing power. Both of these innovations would later cause trouble, but at the time seemed brilliant. Citibank staffed its branches abroad with, as Martin Mayer writes, the "same hard-driving, bright, vain people" who ran the bank at home. But the 1970s brought hard times: the foreign loans became a bad joke. The bank's foreign operations contributed two-thirds of total earnings, but it was increasingly clear that the principal of the loans would never be paid. Domestically, the bank's main strategy—increasing consumer business—had proved, as Standard & Poor's said, "more successful in generating consumer assets [loans] than consumer liabilities [deposits]." The effort at consumer business had also led to some spectaculars; in 1976 Citibank blanketed the country with twenty-six million unsolicited blue-and-white plastic credit cards. Naturally, people with credit problems accepted the offer. Consumer operations cost the bank $225 million in 1980 and 1981.

By 1981 earnings were hard to come by. Moody's reported that the bank was repurchasing debt—a "new and visible method of maximizing reported profits." The phony profit comes from retiring old low-interest debt (say an 8 percent note with a market value about half of its face value) and issuing a new obligation at market rates. The reduction in outstanding liabilities is technically a gain, although you are obviously no richer after than before. In 1981 Citicorp issued two million shares of common stock in exchange for $88-million face value of Citicorp notes paying 8.5 percent and due in 2007. The notes were held by First Boston and Goldman Sachs. At current interest



CARTOON BY MIKE PETERS

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rates the $88 million of notes were worth only $47 million, so Citicorp could report a $41 million gain. These phantom profits, together with a $61 million gain from the sale of real estate, accounted for almost 25 percent of its bank's total profit.

We have all been told it was our patriotic duty to pay absurd interest rates, formerly the province of the tommy-gun and cement-booties set, because it was part of the fight against inflation. Many were confused when the rates stayed up as inflation went down. Milton Friedman, who was recently questioned about this, said: "It's simple, the banks are getting even." All those years of listening to fixed-interest debtors brag around the barbecue about how the bank had financed their beach house and how they were repaying it with dollars worth 33 cents had taken a toll. In any case, with Citibank, the need for stratospheric interest is clear. In 1981, charging an average interest rate of 17.8 percent, the bank earned $13 billion on total loans of $72 billion. Since each 1 percent of interest was worth $720 million, a 1 percent drop in the rate—all the way down to 16.8 percent—would have reduced earnings by $720 million. Instead of a gain for the year, a reported $531 million, the bank would have had to report a large loss, $189 million.

CITICORP'S 1981 annual report lists $1.1 billion of "nonperforming loans," an increase of 30 percent over 1980. Even though such problem loans do not pay interest, the bank leaves them on the balance sheet as assets, taking the position that they will ultimately be good. The bank won't specify the companies or industries involved, but the airlines, International Harvester, the S&Ls, and Poland are likely. If the loans were written off, as they should be, it would wipe out Citibank's earnings for the next two years.

In the summer of 1980, Citibank laid down a big bet that interest rates would go down—and lost. *Barron's* reports that Don Howard, a Citibank executive vice president, bought $3 billion of intermediate-term government bonds paying 11 percent. He paid for the purchase with the shortest of short-term money—what bankers call "federal funds." These have nothing to do with government spending; they're the funds that banks lend to each other overnight, in order to meet federal reserve requirements. The price changes daily. At one point Citibank was paying 21 percent to fund an investment paying 11 percent. Even geniuses falter at times.

Citibank is so short of cash (what the bankers call liquidity) that it must borrow $5 billion of "federal funds" from other banks each night so it can open its doors the next morning. Citicorp owes $22.4 billion of short-term debt, "federal funds," and commercial paper due within a year. In 1981 it paid an average of 19 percent interest on these funds.

Citibank has done so badly in the banking business that it is now trying to become a fee collector. In the future it expects to live on fee income and service charges rather than on its interest revenue. Savings accounts, in addition to receiving their generous 5 percent interest, are now charged $1.50 per month if the balance is under $500. In 1981, the bank's fee income was 39 percent of net interest revenue. Fees are the coming thing in banking. One bank customer opened an account with $500 and left it undisturbed for a month. His statement showed a charge of $8.32, which was designated "EOM." The small print explained that EOM meant End-of-the-Month Charge, whatever that might be.

THE MARKET'S judgment on Citicorp's troubles has been harsh. In 1973 Citicorp stock sold for $51.50—twenty-five times earnings. Today it sells for around $26—five times earnings. The bank is earning less, when adjusted for inflation, than it did five years ago. In the last few years, earnings have dropped severely: 1979, $614 million; 1980, $486 million; 1981, $465 million. This is not a lot to show for $119 billion of assets. Of course, $119 billion is a bit of an exaggeration; Citicorp holds a lot of fixed-interest mortgages and bonds, which are worth substantially less than their face value. If the assets were "marked to market," the bank would be instantly insolvent.

But all these gloomy facts are just prelude. The real trouble was that the geniuses didn't believe Lord Palmerston. In 1848 Palmerston said that, historically, the British government had thought it "undesirable that British subjects should invest their capital in loans to foreign governments instead of employing it on profitable undertaking at home." Her Majesty's government, "with a view to discouraging hazardous loans to foreign governments who may be unable or unwilling to pay the stipulated interest thereupon," had therefore abstained from taking up as international questions the complaints of British subjects against foreign governments that failed to pay. Finally, said Palmerston, in words designed to ruin Walter Wriston's next cocktail hour,

> the British Government has considered that the losses of imprudent men who have placed mistaken confidence in the good faith of foreign governments would prove a salutary warning to others, and would prevent any other foreign loans being raised in Great Britain, except by Governments of known good faith and ascertained solvency.

For governments of "known good faith," read $80 billion of loans to Communist bloc countries. For governments of "ascertained solvency," read $200 billion of commercial bank loans to poor countries such as Zaire, Zambia, and Malawi, sometimes referred to as non-oil-exporting developing countries. The main thing these countries have been developing lately is debt. When loans to them by international agencies and Western governments are counted in, they owe a stunning $500 billion. Since they have run trade defi-

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cits for as long as anyone can remember, and will for as long as anyone can foresee, the prospects for repayment are nil. U.S. banks have loaned $83 billion to these poor countries, and are contractually committed to loan another $25 billion. Neither the Federal Reserve Board nor Citibank will disclose its share of these disastrous loans already made. A reasonable guess is $8 billion to $10 billion—which is about 200 percent of the bank's reserves, or enough to wipe out the shareholders twice over. Citibank's stated capital is $4.9 billion. U.S. banks have loaned $7 billion to the Communist countries, of which Citibank's share is probably around $1 billion.

The commercial banks accelerated their lending to the LDCs even after it was clear that repayment was impossible. Some time ago ("The Bankers' Dilemma," TNR, January 27, 1979) I wrote: "The problem seems to be that the American banks have loaned $37.7 billion which will probably not be repaid. Default on this much money would bust the banks which in turn would bust the country which in turn would bust the world." Undismayed, in 1980 and 1981, Western commercial banks loaned the LDCs a *new* $90 billion (over and above net of "refinancing" repayments). Now the banks say they are getting worried.

Mexico's public- and private-sector foreign debt is $75 billion. It says it needs at least $25 billion more this year, while running a trade deficit of $4 billion. The bankers bet on the oil bubble to pull Mexico out of centuries of poverty. Many Americans will be surprised to learn that Mexico has a line of credit with Mr. Volcker's Federal Reserve Bank. In April Mexico was so hard up for cash that it had to draw down $600 million of its $700-million line. About 40 percent of its people are under 16 years of age; when they grow up they may, understandably, decide they are not responsible for their parents' debts.

Citibank is reported to have over 4 percent of its total assets in Brazil and earns 15 percent of its worldwide profit there; Brazil owes $63 billion of long-term debt and needs at least $14 billion more this year. Argentina owes $32 billion, which you could buy up cheap. Argentina had to reschedule its bank debt in 1976; at the time it only owed $2 billion. The U.S. banks probably have a greater stake in these countries than their own people do. Venezuela, previously considered a blue-chip credit, has $14 billion due within a year, and is having trouble coming to terms with the bankers.

At no point has Citibank claimed that its loans to Communists and dictators were intended to support U.S. policy or add to the measure of freedom in the world. Quite the contrary. The head of the bank's international division, Thomas C. Theobald, will go down in history for this statement: "Who knows which political system works? The only test we care about is: can they pay their bills?"

On July 12 the world's central bankers met at the Bank for International Settlement in Basel, Switzerland, to assess the degree to which international lending poses a threat to the world's banking system. A group of the central bankers, identified by the *Financial Times* as "the pessimists," estimated "that more than $200 billion of outstanding international debt is of doubtful or potentially dubious quality." Leading the doubtful list is the $80 billion of Communist loans, but there is also "growing concern" about the $210 billion Latin America owes. Most of the central bankers concede that high interest and recession are squeezing the poor countries. Others would not say so publicly, the *F.T.* goes on, "for fear of undermining the already fragile confidence of the marketplace."

THE OLD 'RECYCLING' scam is coming to a bitter end. From 1974 on, the banks borrowed from oil-soaked Arabs, loaned to LDCs, and lived comfortably on the spread. At times, to add to the excitement, the banks would engage in currency speculation: borrowing deutsch marks at 9.5 percent and converting them to dollars to be loaned to Brazil at 17 percent. Now the scheme is unraveling at both ends. The LDCs are still so poor they can never pay back what they already owe, let alone the new funds they must have. At the other end the Arabs, having induced a worldwide recession, now need money themselves; in 1980 OPEC ran a $105-billion surplus, but is expected to show a deficit this year. The Arabs will have to pull out their short-term deposits, busting the banks, which cannot recall their loans so quickly—if at all.

Recently, Mr. Kit MacMahon, deputy governor of the Bank of England, recalled that the central bankers had promised, in the mid-1970s, to act as lenders of last resort to provide liquidity for the Euromarkets if needed. This means the central bankers will print up enough money to hold off a run on the international banks—maybe. The central bankers at the Basel meeting failed to renew this promise.

As far as Citibank is concerned, the foreign loans fall into two distinct periods: the original, or They Always Pay, period was based on the observation that countries don't disappear. Mr. George J. Clark, an executive vice president of Citibank, is a vestige of this early period. He recently said Citibank's new policy is to discourage reschedulings: "If governments set their priorities and rearrange their financial affairs, virtually all of them can meet their obligations. I can envision the day when we do only a few, if any, reschedulings."

Chairman Wriston demonstrates the current, or They Never Pay, period. He was asked on "Face The Nation" last January 24 how Poland could possibly pay any interest—much less principal—due in the future. He replied: "As far as paying off debt is concerned, there are very few instances in history when any government has ever paid off debt. . . . What we are talking about is access to a marketplace." "Market

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access," of course, is another euphemism for more borrowing.

The rest of the year is sure to have its moments. One unnamed U.S. official recently told *The Wall Street Journal* that 45 percent of the $300 billion in international loans is due this year: "There's an increasing concern just about getting through the next year or so. If there's a panic reaction anywhere, it could lead to an implosion of the system." The banks' bad loans have created the purchasing power which has given the world the greatest inflation since Roman times. The banks manufactured the money to escape one reality after another. The LDC deficit is still rolling along, and the banks are left with only two choices. They can loan more money if they can get it. Or they can stop and watch the LDCs go off like a string of Chinese firecrackers, with the banks as the cherry bomb on the end.

Along with other commercial banks, Citibank, in apparent recognition of its big problems, has silently latched on to an S&L bailout now rolling through Congress. Under the bailout, the taxpayer will get to put money into failed banks to keep them floating along. Euphemistically called a "capital infusion" plan, the bailout is supposedly to help out the poor S&Ls, but the commercial banks will be the main beneficiaries.

The reality is that Citibank is bust. The true value of what it owns is less then what it owes. It has made a lot of stupid loans that are not going to be repaid. Once the bankruptcy of Citibank is established, there is not much more to say. Except perhaps that when you're dead you're not supposed to be walking around.

The Russians are dropping hints as well as bombs.

STANDOFF IN AFGHANISTAN

BY LEWIS M. SIMONS

EXPECTATIONS OF a military conclusion to the two-and-a-half-year-old war between the Soviet Army and Afghan resistance forces are fading fast. Participants on both sides, as well as intelligence analysts in this country, have little doubt that the Soviets could crush the Afghans if, as U.S. military leaders used to complain about the politically imposed restraints on them in Vietnam, they could untie their other hand.

But for the Russians to do that, they'd have to triple the 100,000 troops now based in Afghanistan and sharply raise the level of all-out combat—including chemical warfare, bombing, and napalming, which so far they've employed measuredly. And among the Afghan freedom fighters, or mujahidin, except for a handful of Islamic zealots, any notion of David slaying Goliath astride the Hindu Kush is viewed as romantically appealing but realistically inconceivable.

Heavy fighting in the Panshir Valley north of Kabul last spring confirmed a pattern that had begun to emerge earlier: through the use of overwhelming numbers (an estimated 10,000-12,000 men), Soviet forces in conjunction with Afghan government troops pressed into rebel-held territory, inflicting heavy casualties on civilians as well as on resistance forces. But the Russians were unable to commit sufficient manpower to an occupation, and once their main-force units were withdrawn the mujahidin moved back down from their mountain redoubts.

Some of those who watch the war professionally from the U.S. are beginning to sense an emerging Soviet inclination toward a face-saving resolution. Several developments have led them to make these observations: Mohammed Zahir Shah, Afghanistan's former king, has emerged as a possible central player in unifying the disparate factions within the country; the fighting shows virtually no gains for either side (Soviet-Kabul claims of victories in the late winter and early spring have been supplanted by mujahidin claims—some supported by first-hand reports from Western journalists—that the rebels have rebounded and their morale is at a high); Soviet armed strength in Afghanistan has been held at the same level for about eight months; realizing that their client government lacks any popular support, the Soviets are quietly beginning to concede that even a military victory of sorts would give rise to a virtually permanent occupation of the entire country; the Afghan Army, plagued by desertions, collaboration with the resistance forces, and a constant struggle to dragoon recruits, is considered untrustworthy by the Russians, another sign that they'd have to stay indefinitely. "We've had no clear

Lewis M. Simons, who covered South Asia for *The Washington Post* between 1972 and 1978, will open a bureau in Tokyo for Knight-Ridder Newspapers.

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signal from the Soviets yet," a senior U.S. government official said in a recent interview, placing heavy emphasis on "clear." But he added that he and "many of us in government" believe that chances for a negotiated settlement are growing.

Talks, described as "very indirect," between representatives of the Afghan regime and the government of Pakistan were held in Geneva in mid-June under U.N. auspices. Representatives of the Iranian government and of Zahir Shah were "kept informed" on the discussions, according to sources, but no analysis of the talks was yet available.

The basis for this assessment lies in the Soviets' utter failure to establish a reliable Communist political base in Kabul. President Babrak Karmal is widely perceived as a Soviet puppet, and his regime is as much a target for hatred and snipers' bullets as are Soviet soldiers and advisers. Furthermore, the ruling Communist apparatus—the People's Democratic Party of Afghanistan—is at least as sharply divided today as it was in December 1979, when the Soviets organized the murder of Babrak's Marxist nemesis, Hafizullah Amin, and then invaded Afghanistan and installed Babrak. The Party consists of a shaky combination of Babrak's minuscule Parcham ("Banner") faction and the numerically superior Khalq ("Masses") faction.

Afghans running arms and supplies between their homeland and neighboring Pakistan, as well as a number of refugees, report that the Khalqis, infuriated at the Soviet Union's continuing support for the Parchamis, are openly cooperating with the resistance forces. Babrak has publicly admitted this damaging and embarrassing lack of Marxist solidarity, condemning Party factionalism as harmful to the government's military efforts.

IN ADDITION to the serious problems the Russians are having with their clients in Kabul, they're learning some of the bitter lessons that Afghans have been teaching foreign invaders for centuries. The most painful of these is that Afghans like to fight, and, under circumstances certain to daunt a lesser people, they do it very well. With legendary skills in marksmanship handed down from father to son, and honed in endless internecine tribal feuds, those Afghans now loosely grouped under the label of mujahidin are passionate about fighting a jihad against godless Soviet Communists. This is not to be taken lightly in a society as rigidly Islamic as Afghanistan's.

Guerrillas everywhere have a certain advantage over foreign invaders, even if they're heavily outmanned and outgunned. Vietnam proved that, first to the French Army and then to the American. But Afghans are physically and psychologically hardened in a way that may be peculiar to people who scratch out an existence in barren mountains and wind-whipped ravines, and who accept their lot as God-given. "There has always been a strong emotional belief among our people that they want to fight for their country," said an Afghan intellectual who recently arrived in the U.S. Speaking of the men and youths he met in camps around Peshawar, on the Pakistan side of the Khyber Pass, he said, "there is no need to incite these men. They have very high morale."

By U.S. estimates, as much as 20 percent of Afghanistan's population—somewhere between 15 million and 17 million people—is in exile in Pakistan and Iran. Many slip freely back and forth to fight and transport arms and supplies; others commute to their farms. According to visitors to the Pakistan camps, brothers, fathers, and sons typically take turns fighting and farming. "It's an amazingly hard situation," said a U.S. observer who visited a number of camps last month. "But they've averted mass starvation. The population has adjusted."

CONFRONTED by this resolute people, the Soviet Army has changed tactics several times. Commanders are now conducting large-scale, coordinated ground and air operations. In January Soviet forces launched a particularly vicious assault on Kandahar, a city of perhaps 230,000, located 275 miles southwest of Kabul. Doubtless intending to teach a brutal lesson to the residents of Kandahar, which had been a mujahidin stronghold ever since the invasion, the Soviets surrounded three of the city's six districts and leveled bazaars and other centers with artillery barrages. Infantrymen then swept through the city, in a house-to-house mopping-up operation that some observers said was reminiscent of World War II. It is not known how many casualties were inflicted, but a significant number of residents and guerrillas reportedly slipped out of Kandahar. Soviet troops returned to Kandahar in February and reportedly went on a rampage of raping and looting. The local Communist Party leader was said to be so incensed that he protested to Kabul. He was subsequently fired.

In February ground forces supported by helicopter gunships—the weapons most dreaded by the resistance forces—trapped several thousand Afghans in the Shomali, an area north of Kabul. A local resistance leader showed a U.S. observer lists of mujahidin caught in the Shomali by the Soviet forces which indicated that about one thousand were killed, including an unspecified number of noncombatants. "But neither this leader nor any of the mujahidin survivors considered it a turning point," the American said.

In addition to their use of conventional tactics, the Soviets appear to be continuing their use of chemical warfare, though possibly less extensively than Vietnamese troops are employing Soviet-supplied chemical weapons in central Laos and eastern Cambodia. Gary Crocker, a State Department expert in chemical warfare, said that for the first time samples of chemicals have been gathered in Afghanistan and that the department was conducting a sample analysis similar

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to those already issued on chemicals used in Laos and Cambodia. "My opinion is that the Soviets are being more careful about where and when to use chemicals," Crocker said. "For instance, they're not using them when there are foreign correspondents or medical teams around. But they're using them in more remote areas." The Soviets maintain chemical warfare defense battalions at Shindand, Kabul, and Qonduz. Between the summers of 1979 and 1981, U.S. analysts received reports of forty-seven chemical attacks in widespread areas of Afghanistan. Some three thousand deaths were attributed to these chemical attacks.

Despite the chemical terror and some notable Soviet successes through more conventional means during the past winter, the resistance forces reportedly rebounded with vigor this spring. Better armed than they were at the end of last year, they are understood to exercise some control over a sizable majority of the country's districts, although they are continually being challenged by the Soviets.

THE RED ARMY and the mujahidin are thus very much at a standoff. Several U.S. analysts and Afghans who left their homeland within the last few months agree that at this level of intensity neither side can win, and that the war could continue for the next twenty years. It isn't known whether the Soviets are prepared to make an open-ended commitment to Afghanistan. Some U.S. specialists believe that the toll in Russian lives and money has not yet been severe, and that Afghanistan provides the Kremlin with an opportunity to test weapons, men, and tactics. But a more widely held view seems to be that the Russians would welcome a way out, a Central Asia version of the "peace with honor" that the United States found so elusive in Indochina. Although the Soviets themselves publicly insist that any negotiations must be subject to prior recognition of the Babrak regime by the West, some recent changes hint at an altered approach.

First, Mohammed Zahir Shah, the last king of Afghanistan, who was overthrown in 1973 and has been in exile in Italy ever since, has recently emerged from self-imposed silence. According to some early appraisals, he could provide a centrifugal force needed to pull into reasonable proximity the diverse essential elements in Afghanistan—the Communists and the Moslem fundamentalists. Second, although the Soviets increased their armed strength by about 10 percent late last year, raising it to its currently estimated 100,000, they've built almost no infrastructure to support a force of this size, let alone the even larger force needed for long-term occupation. Third, three of the major resistance organizations operating out of Peshawar, the Jahad Islami, the Harakat Islami, and the Mahaz Islami, have been saying that the only lasting solution to the Afghan crisis must be a peaceful one. Some observers believe that the views of these three groups are gaining respect because, as the most pro-American elements among the mujahidin, they've been receiving increased supplies of arms provided by the United States through Pakistan.

The most tantalizing of these developments is the stirring of Zahir Shah. A Kabul University professor told of being approached recently by a Soviet diplomat who offered the observation, "Well, it's beginning to look like King Zahir wasn't such a bad man after all." Knowing from experience that Soviet officials in Kabul normally are extremely reticent, the professor concluded that what he was hearing was what top diplomats in the heavily guarded Soviet Embassy wanted to be heard. The Soviets are aware, too, of how despicable they are in the eyes of most Afghans. During Zahir Shah's reign, the Afghan government made important openings to the Soviet Union, coming to depend heavily on Moscow for military supplies and training. In those days Soviets in Afghanistan enjoyed considerable freedom and respect. Today they're denigrated and assaulted. In Italy the deposed monarch has been meeting with former officials in a succession of Afghan governments, sending delegates to international conferences on the crisis in his homeland, dispatching messages to Afghan refugees and mujahidin in Pakistan, and giving interviews to journalists.

An Afghan who recently arrived here after visiting a number of refugee camps in Pakistan reported that although there is hostility toward Zahir Shah from the ultrafundamentalist Ekhwani Musalmin (Moslem Brotherhood) faction among the mujahidin—because of the very factors that might make him a palatable compromise to the Soviets—a mounting number of resistance members consider him their best hope. Nevertheless, in the Afghan context, the Moslem Brotherhood is regarded not as a fringe group but as the quintessential defender of the faith and the homeland. For that reason, those Afghans who see the possibility of a return by Zahir Shah are quick to concede that members of the Brotherhood—particularly its leader, Gulbuddin Hekmatyar—would have to figure prominently in a compromise regime.

BUT ULTIMATELY, the crucial factor in any nonmilitary solution must be the Soviets' satisfaction that their legitimate security interests are protected. The Kremlin's decision to launch an invasion across the Amu Darya River on Christmas Day 1979 clearly was predicated on several months' judgment that Hafizullan Amin's Marxist regime was collapsing, and with it the Afghan Army. Moscow's sensitivity undoubtedly was heightened by its concerns for potential unrest in Soviet Central Asia, particularly at a time when resurgent Islam was inflaming Iran. The Soviets would have to be firmly convinced that a compromise regime could establish and hold calm across the Moslem-Marxist crevasse in Afghanistan before they'd declare "peace with honor" and roll back across the border.

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STANLEY KAUFFMANN ON FILMS

Pixels and Pastorals

Tron
(Buena Vista)

A Midsummer Night's Sex Comedy
(Orion/Warner Brothers)

When Lincoln Steffens returned from a trip to the early Soviet Union, he said, "I have been over into the future, and it works." He turned out to be wrong, tragically. Well, having seen *Tron*, I too have been over into the future, and it irks. I hope I'm going to be proved wrong, too, comically.

Tron doesn't take place in the future, but the way that it's made may perhaps (repeat: perhaps) foretell methods that will be used in future filmmaking. Everything that is true of *Blade Runner*, reviewed three weeks ago, is even more true here, bad and good. The script and acting are worse. I'll cite only the central idea, which is also central to the film's methods. Three young people who work in computers are fighting the boss of the firm because he rose by stealing the ideas of one of the three. The fight leads them literally *inside* computers: the struggle takes place within a computer game—developed fantastically from the games that are now the arcade craze of the world—of apparently unlimited size and complication.

Forget the actors, which is not difficult. One of the important figures involved in *Tron* is Syd Mead, who also figured importantly in making *Blade Runner*. Mead is an industrial designer, a "conceptual artist" who has done work for Ford, American Motors, Volvo, and Lancia, and did the basic design for the present-day Norelco shaver. This background is far from ludicrous vis-à-vis *Tron*: it's precisely right. Not only could *Tron* use him, he used *Tron*. (I'd bet.) I've known a few industrial designers, and the best of them have felt limited by the market strictures of the projects in hand; they were not permitted to go as far as their imaginations could take them. Nobody would buy the car that Mead, unleashed, could design. Here, freed of such considerations, Mead's mind could wing off.

Another reason that Mead, and his many gifted colleagues on *Tron*, could really fly is that what they designed did not have to be realizable in steel or plastic or any solid material. I may as well quote the publicity material:

> Their art is executed on digital computers, which manipulate pulses of electricity. . . . An artist's rendering of an object is plotted in three views (top, side, and bottom). . . . Those drawings are 'fed' to the computer. . . . The object's frame-by-frame movement in a film can then be choreographed. Each frame must next be given color and texture . . . by assigning a color and intensity to each point of light —or *pixel*—on a special computer screen . . . over two million pixels [per frame]. . . . Two million pixels . . . multiplied by the 24 frames it takes for one second of film totals nearly *100 million* bits of information for screen time that could be missed in the blink of an eye.

This describes only the *second* step. The first step was the filming of the live-action sequences:

> All the sets and costumes featured in *Tron*'s electronic world sequences were fashioned in stark blacks and whites . . . and shot in 65mm. . . . In the postproduction phase, each 65mm frame was enlarged onto a 12½×20-inch kodalith animation cel.

Then, with the aid of holdout mattes (covering up certain sections) and reverses, the computers were used to highlight sections, including actors' faces; to add colors; and to enclose characters in specially designed vehicles or rooms or corridors.

The result is not always smooth. Occasionally a character seems as independent of his background as in many an old-fashioned rear-projection shot, when an actor walked across a studio floor past a large screen on which (say) a shot of Times Square was being projected from behind. But I can't remember a film with such a high level of almost continuous fantasy images.

Tron grew from the minds of Steven Lisberger, who directed and wrote the screenplay, and Donald Kushner, who produced. Their chief film interests up to now have been in animation. They are ingenious men, and they assembled a huge team of ingenious men and women; and their total ingenuity has resulted in a dull and irritating film. After all the marvels of integration and disintegration, whirling and space-speeding, fragmentation and reassembly, had been going on for about 30 minutes (of the total 96), I knew the picture was doomed to tedium because it couldn't grow, it could only continue. Growth would have depended on some concern, however elementary, for the characters, and I felt none. The film's grip had to come from its visual invention, and this had already peaked. The visual effects didn't decline in quality; they kept cascading at the same level. But in dramatic terms, therefore, they declined: plateaus are undramatic. *Tron* became dull despite its computer marvels; and it became irritating because Lisberger & Co. either didn't know this basic need of film drama or disregarded

FILMS WORTH SEEING

E. T., The Extra-Terrestrial. A small, scared, brilliant visitor from Out There is stranded in California and is befriended by three children. Often endearing, sometimes enjoyably sentimental.

Gregory's Girl. Unexemplary filmmaking, but good dialogue and winning performers give this story of Scottish teenagers authentic charm.

Lola. Fassbinder drew this late film from *The Blue Angel* and made it in *hoch* Hollywood style. Better than bearable because of the exceptional acting.

Monty Python Live at the Hollywood Bowl. Another collection of performance excerpts, most of them new, almost all of them top-line M.P. (And no intrusive numbers by guest musicians, as in the last such.)

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it because of their technological intoxication.

Such previous fantasy pictures as *Star Wars* and its sequel, *Star Trek* and its sequel, enthralled millions of people worldwide, despite the fact that their characters were out of old Saturday-afternoon serials and their dramatic structures were formulaic, because they took their characters and plots seriously. They used their space-age gimmickry to give their juvenile values and stories a thick veneer of contemporaneity. Essentially it was the Lone Ranger and the Green Hornet all over again, but you could feel good about these pictures because they were about future "science." Now we get, within a few weeks of each other though they are independent productions, *Blade Runner* and *Tron*, in which the emphasis of the past has been reversed: the scenery has taken over—in effect—from the actors.

STEVEN SPIELBERG is sounder than any of them. His two fantasy films, *Close Encounters* and *E. T.* (both set in the present), have had their visual thrills, though nothing like as teeming as *Tron;* but Spielberg has always understood why he was doing what he did. "Understood" may be too cognizant a word: he may just have been scratching a personal itch. He didn't make his films to show off movie magics but to elevate film itself as a dispenser of solace and hope; and he has "understood" that this purpose could succeed only if the characters in his films were, to some degree anyway, our vicars. None of this has occurred to the *Blade Runner* or *Tron* people.

While I watched *Tron*, I thought of Edwin S. Porter, the early American filmmaker who, in 1902, revived an already waning film industry. When Edison's Vitascope appeared in April 1896, it was a sensation. It showed things that people had never before seen in a theater: real waterfalls, railroad trains, ships—in short, visual effects. By the turn of the century, the novelty and appeal of sheer effects had begun to fade; audiences diminished. Then Porter, who worked for Edison, was stimulated by the work of the brilliant Frenchman, Georges Méliès, to ask an epoch-marking question: Why not tell a story? In terms unique to the film form? Within a year or so Porter made three one-reel films—*The Life of an American Fireman*, *Uncle Tom's Cabin*, and *The Great Train Robbery*—that turned the industry around, brought it onward and upward to . . . to what? To the present moment when apparently at least some filmmakers are making a strong effort to reverse the "Porter process," to minimize the story element and concentrate on effects, essentially as the medium did at its birth.

I don't prophesy that all or many films will be made in the *Tron* concept. But for all the hundreds on staff, the multimillions of budget, the years of effort, it's easier to make *Tron* than even such a merely enjoyable film as *Victor/Victoria*—easier because *Tron* is mostly sheer technology, which is always summonable by experts, as against even modest art, which has to be won. And as there are many more technologists than artists, increasingly so all the time, the weight of access and availability will be on the *Tron* side.

But will the weight of audience interest be there too? I have no clue as to whether *Tron* will be a success, but I do know that, for one viewer, 96 minutes of visual effects, no matter how scintillating, pall without engaging narrative and character. Years before *2001*, Jordan Belson was making films that anticipated many latter-day "space" effects. In the 1940s and after, the brothers John and James Whitney were making computer-animated films that anticipated some of the concepts of *Tron*. Besides being pioneers in their way, these men had some sense of how many millions of pixels the human brain can care about, simply as pixels. Their films were short.

Woody Allen may never have heard of a pixel. Many of us wonder, in these high-budget and hi-tech days, whether personal, non-*Tron* filmmaking can survive in the U.S. Allen, personal, survives. But this blessing is not unmixed.

As Allen has gained in some skills, he has weakened in others. *A Midsummer Night's Sex Comedy* is easily his best-directed film, much better than his last, *Stardust Memories*, which finished last in the Fellini Sweepstakes. He apparently continues to study closely the film artists he admires, such as Bergman and Renoir—I'd also venture Rohmer and Ozu—but now he's not imitating, as he did with Bergman in *Interiors* or Fellini

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in *Stardust Memories*; he's ingesting and learning.

One evidence is his comfortable use of the screen-frame as theater: holding a shot for a minute or a minute-and-a-half —which is a long time in a film—and letting characters move in and out of it. No cuts. He does this several times in *Comedy*. Confidence in such a shot, for what must still be a moving picture, shows more confidence in actors, in his own discretion, in film itself. Compare it with the skittery early stuff like *Bananas* and *Sleeper*.

Then there are a lot of totally opposed shots, cursive, flowing. One character comes through a wood to meet another, they converse, then leave together—all in the same continuous camera motion, without cuts. Again Allen is showing greater sensitivity to the relation between what is going on in the scene and how it is filmed.

On the other hand, there's Allen's script. As his career proceeds, he seems to be straining harder and harder to find ways of employing his "character," who by now needs no description. This time, besides Shakespeare's solstice, Allen has drawn on the time-worn theatrical convention of the country-house weekend, with its enforced isolation and amorous complications, which he flavors with Bergman (*Smiles of a Summer Night* and *Wild Strawberries*) by setting it at the turn of the century.

SANTO LOQUASTO'S costumes are excellent, but they are the only really authentic period items. After dinner, a guest says to his hostess, "Dinner was super." C. 1900! A stuffy old bachelor professor spends the night before his marriage in the same guest-room as his fiancée. C. 1900! Allen, whose house this is, plays a cranky inventor—flying bicycles, etc.—who makes an evidently good living on Wall Street. If you can imagine this post-Jules Feiffer persona existing before World War I at all, it certainly couldn't be in even a moderately important Wall Street job.

The script gets into the clairvoyant—spirit manifestations, and so on—with no atmospheric grounding, only because Allen wants a particular (heavily) ironic conclusion. It's not a conclusion, really: just an escape hatch. And though Gordon Willis's cinematography is lovely, often overlaid with gentling sepia, Allen uses some of the most trite pastoral symbols, and not parodically: a rabbit, a leaping deer, an owl on a branch swiveling its head as humans below argue. All that's missing is a huge close-up of a dewdrop falling from one leaf to another.

On the *other* hand (who's counting?), the film glides easily, no excitement, no great amusement, but many pleasant-enough scenes and an occasional chuckle. Mary Steenburgen, as Allen's wife, is clearly being groomed as a new Diane Keaton—the same repertory of broken sentences, broken gestures, broken smiles. Tony Roberts, a lecherous doctor, continues his smooth but null career. Julie Hagerty, his nurse and doxy, is much more pretty than competent. Mia Farrow, the professor's intended, is strangely colorless. José Ferrer, the professor, is strangely colorful. (The opening credits say that the music is by Felix Mendelssohn, and the *Midsummer Night's Dream* music is used a lot. But two of the songs that Ferrer sings as after-dinner entertainment are by Schumann.)

At its thinnest, however, Allen's film is more engaging than the formidably pixellated *Tron*.

ROBERT BRUSTEIN ON THEATER

Fatigue in the Park

On my way to visit the latest summer production of the New York Shakespeare Festival, I realized with a start that I had been walking up these same paths for over a quarter of a century. When I first wrote about Joseph Papp's

Don Juan
Molière

activities in Central Park, he was embroiled in a battle with Parks Commissioner Robert Moses over the right to use this turf for theatrical presentation; it was Papp's decisive victory in 1957 that first cleared the way for Central Park Shakespeare, the freshness and vigor of which was in sharp contrast to the more conventional, star-studded productions of the American Stratford Festival (some things, you see, don't seem to change). Over the years, the New York Shakespeare Festival has altered its policies—it has no permanent company now, for example, and its program is no longer limited to Shakespeare—but the essential thrust has remained the same. For one thing, the festival is still free to the public (unusual enough in the affluent Eisenhower years, but a miracle in Reagan's recession), and it is still a major source of theatrical energy in New York during the dog days.

In the last two seasons, Mr. Papp has been interested in doing irreverent things to the classics. Last year, he unleashed Lee Breuer on *The Tempest* and Des McAnuff on *Henry IV, Part I*. This season he is offering a Richard Foreman version of Molière's *Don Juan* that was first commissioned by Liv Ciulei for his inaugural year at the Guthrie Theater in Minneapolis. I remain among those who believe that the union of classical material and experimental directors can produce lively offspring, but it is not always easy to defend the principle against the practice, and virtually impossible in the present instance. Foreman's *Don Juan* strikes me as an empty exercise in a self-infatuated style.

I hate to generalize about the total work of a theater director, but I am rarely warmed by Foreman's theatrical imagination. An inventive visual artist with a capacity for strong images and imaginative physical movement, he always imposes himself like a wall between the stage action and your emotive response. What is more, the obstacle seems to be planned. How else does one explain that peculiar horizontal string that bisects the stage in virtually all Foreman productions? Clearly, the director is trying to leave a spatial signature on his creation, as he might on a painting or a sculpture. But a theatrical presentation is not an autographic activity; rather, it is allographic, compounded of collaborative elements. The most appropriate place for a stage director to imprint his personal signature is on his interpretation of the play.

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In Foreman's *Don Juan*, the bisecting strings are vertical rather than horizontal, attached to a series of balloonlike chandeliers that rise and fall with the action. Wherever they are placed, Foreman's strings are solipsistic conceits. So are Foreman's concepts, which often seem an occasion primarily for visual and verbal choreography. Molière's *Don Juan*, admittedly, is a ferociously recalcitrant work. The legend is that the author wrote the play reluctantly, after having been prodded to capitalize on the current popularity of the story; whatever the explanation, *Don Juan* lacks Molière's customary energy and daring, except for a rather irrelevant sermon on hypocrisy and a remarkable passage in which Don Juan tries to bribe a penniless vagrant to curse his God. It may be that Sganarelle's terror of divine retribution has communicated itself to his creator; something, at any rate, seems to have affected Molière's capacity to invent for the Don anything less perfunctory than a few unsuccessful seductions, and his abrupt damnation at the hands of the stone guest.

Another problem is the availability of more effective versions of the Don Juan legend, including the original *Burlador de Sevilla* by Tirso de Molina, the Mozart-DaPonte *Don Giovanni* (supremely), even Shaw's *Man and Superman*. Any modern interpretation of the Molière would have to recognize, I think, that Don Juan is not just a character in a play, but a figure of almost mythical dimensions whose reappearance in so many European dramas, operas, and poems signifies a powerful hold on the Western consciousness which transcends any single work. Without this reference, what we have is a mild Mediterranean comedy, better represented by the cowardly Sganarelle than by this colorless seducer and blasphemer.

THE PRODUCTION begins auspiciously enough with a prologue featuring a chorus of laughing seventeenth-century ladies dressed in white and wearing masks, dancing around a maypole—this festive scene is brutally interrupted by the first appearance of the Don. As played by John Seitz, the character is heavy, cold, affectless, middle-aged—a vicious nobleman out of the imagination of the Marquis de Sade. Attired in an exaggeratedly long brown wig and sidling along the stage like a crab, he is completely unappetizing sexually, his only erotic appeal being perhaps a promise of chains, whips, and leather thongs. Seitz holds this character throughout the evening, and being an actor of genuine intensity, he holds it convincingly. It is not his fault that the characterization remains undeveloped. Foreman gives neither him nor anyone else the opportunity to perform the play or investigate intentions; the company functions primarily as mannequins in a frantic choral display. Early on, Molière provides the Don with a speech of self-revelation; Foreman has Seitz perform it playing blind man's bluff in a circle of giggling ladies. When he delivers his attack on hyprocrisy, he is forced to address a group of kneeling parishioners before making his exit in a sedan chair. Always, the dialogue is obliterated by arbitrary business and physical activity, a forced series of dances, tableaux, and Peking opera devices that finally leave one exhausted and chilled. Instead of penetrating the play, Foreman is content merely to illustrate it, in a manner that impresses us only with the director's compulsion to be original.

Foreman's indifference to the text is suggested, and reinforced, by the adaptation. Donald M. Frame is credited with the translation, but the dialogue is so archaic and clumsy that it might have been written by Dion Boucicault. Don Juan prepares "to adroitly elude the misfortune that awaits me," and advises Sganarelle to "cover your cravenness with a more decent veil," while the rustics speak a language more appropriate to a Vermont general store. Pierrot, for example, gargles lines like "Dog-gone it" and "Dang bust it" and "You're getting too het up," as if he were a cracker-barrel Yankee in early American comedy; it is no wonder that Clarence Felder, that good actor, must play the part as if he were doing Salem Scudder in *The Octoroon*.

The other actors are forced to perform under similar constraints and handicaps. Pamela Payton-Wright, as the overwrought Dona Elvire, enunciates her part with the glottal disdain of Dame Edith Evans playing Lady Bracknell in *The Importance of Being Earnest*, and appears before Don Juan, in the conversion scene, flagellating herself with a bloody whip. George

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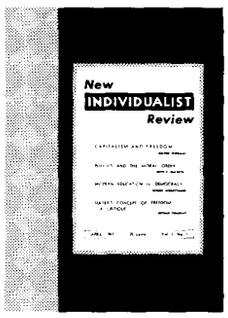

New Individualist Review

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With a new Introduction by Milton Friedman

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McGrath as the Statue has the posture of a sprinter in *Chariots of Fire*, and wears a Chinese mask that looks suspiciously as if it were modeled on the features of C3PO in *Star Wars*. Frank Maraden and Andreas Katsulas play Don Carlos and Don Alonse as if they were siblings from *The Corsican Brothers*. Only Roy Brocksmith's Sganarelle is allowed a bit of normality in his speech and apparel (instead of the predominant white bleach, he is permitted to wear earth colors), but although he provides the only trace of comedy in this humorless evening, he is working in an exhausted vaudeville mode without a great deal of conviction.

The irony is that for all the inventiveness and unconventionality of this production, it finally wears you down in a manner not much different from a tired traditionalist reading by the Comédie Française. The war of the Ancients and Moderns, which seems to erupt every time an event like this one is staged, will never be settled by any single production. Foreman's failure no more invalidates the imaginative achievements of Peter Brook, Andrei Serban, and Patrice Chereau than the artificial staging of a Stephen Porter or a Peter Coe influences our feelings about the faithful efforts of Peter Hall or Trevor Nunn. The standard of judgment is not whether the production is traditionalist or experimental, but whether the new interpretation proceeds from the heart of the text and makes us see the play freshly, or whether it induces fatigue, boredom, and tired blood. Mr. Foreman's narcissistic experiment, I fear, is in the second category.

STRETCH MARX

Jane Fonda's Workout Book by Jane Fonda

(Simon and Schuster, 254 pp., $18.95)

Like all classics that harmonize form and content, this book about food (and how to burn it off) comes in the form of a sandwich. The bulky middle consists of stacks of good, lean meat: page upon page of beautiful women, stretched out in various athletic poses to illustrate The Workout. The meat is packed between two whole-wheat slices of politics Fondue: at the beginning a long, autobiographical confessional in which Jane Fonda explains her long ascent from bulimia and *Barbarella* to exercise and activism; and, at the end, a disquisition on how The Workout alone cannot bring true fitness until pollution, job stress, and corporate growth ("concentration means inflation") are stopped, or, alternatively put, until economic democracy reigns. Heretofore, economic democracy (Tom Hayden's term for a kind of grass-roots democratic socialism) was justified on the grounds of equality or social justice. Now The Workout provides an entirely new rationale: it purifies the pores. And who knows? Given the phenomenal success of this book and the current fitness craze, it could be that Mrs. Hayden has finally found the basis for an authentic American socialism: body worship.

But Jane could use a better scriptwriter. The three-part coda reads like left-over background research from her recent movies. One chapter is devoted to the villainy of food moguls (c.f., *The Electric Horseman*), another to the arrogance of industrial polluters (*The China Syndrome*), and the third to the stress-inducing perils of office work (*Nine to Five*). The agitprop homilies suffer in translation from the screen. They turn a book with otherwise excellent chapters on "Beginner's Abdominals" and "Advanced Buttocks" into a Big Mac of trendy Hollywood politics, stuffed with every radical cliché of the last fifteen years. *Hayden Meets Holism* would have been a better title. Those who missed out on limited editions of *Pumping Iron With Engels* or *In Sneakers: Michael Harrington Speaks* will appreciate this book. It manages the acrobatic feat of linking every woolly trend imaginable: acupuncture, "natural" medicine, anti-corporatism, chiropractic, nutrition, a new feminism ("our right to physical as well as economic, political and social equality"), cancer phobia, economic democracy, lean thighs, community control, and an aversion to sugar. The only thing missing is a call for nuclear disarmament. Not to worry. The Workout came out just before that wave crested. Look for it in the revised edition.

THE OPENING SLICE of whole wheat, "Lessons Learned: A Body Abused," is Jane's story. It is literally her oral history, a chronicle of all the things—foods, drugs, ideas—she has stuffed into herself. Her theme is that since the day she was born she has internalized (her favorite word) things from the outside; her refrain, an ironic twist on Adam's complaint, is that others—usually men—made her eat it.

> Like many young girls, I internalized this message [that women are judged by their looks] and, in an effort to conform to the sought-after female image, I abused my health, starved my body and ingested heaven-knows-what chemical drugs.

She certainly did some weird things. In boarding school she went on eating-vomiting binges, a condition called bulimia, though to Jane's credit she did so long before it became fashionable. Jane's complaint is that her school never taught her not to; it crammed her instead with a "tedious general science course." She later graduated to pep pills and diuretics, and for that she is very sore at doctors. Until she met her "wonderful naturopathic" doctor, "no one had ever explained that there were other ways of losing weight besides starvation diets, Dexadrine, and diuretics." Apparently, it never independently occurred to her to try eating less and exercising more. "Looking back, I realize that to a large extent I was a victim of medical malpractice."

One could almost feel sorry for her were it not for her whiny tone and perpetual claim to the status of victim. And if it weren't for her portrayal of herself as a fearless crusader for the idea of taking responsibility for one's own life. It seems that her every choice was foisted on her by . . . society. Why was she so obsessively worried about her looks, a universal anxiety for which she might at least be a bit grateful since it accounts for the sales of her book? "I was so conditioned to thinking of myself as fat that later, when I was really

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thin, I could never convince myself that I was thin enough." And how does the now-liberated Fonda explain floating naked through the film *Barbarella*? "I was completely unaware of the extent to which I had internalized the cultural pressures that associated a woman's success with sex. . . ." She must have missed the film.

Is it too impolite to suggest that her current "activist" incarnation is yet another internalization? Does this woman never stop eating? Having ingested the values first of Roger Vadim and now of Tom Hayden, she delivers with mind-numbing seriousness the startling message that one should never take one's values from others and, in particular, that women should never accept sexual stereotypes that make them appendages to men. A curious message for a book that peddles Tom Hayden's ideas wrapped in Jane Fonda's body.

THE WORKOUT has turned into more than just a number-one best seller. It has become a fitness industry. There is a Workout record album, a Workout videocassette, and a string of Workout salons. On the whole, it is a remarkable piece of entrepreneurship: the right idea at the right time in the right package. It is a pity that Jane doesn't just take the money and run. We admire people who can turn an idea into a bundle. But to call Fonda a capitalist success story is to embarrass her. For one thing, it then becomes hard to distinguish her from other profit-makers (who play the villain in her political fables). For another, having gone holistic, she feels compelled to demonstrate that everything she does is interrelated and in the service of the highest ideals. She goes to great lengths to plead that her interest in fitness is but another expression of her humanistic politics. That is what lifts The Workout from the level of just another best seller (like *Garfield Gains Weight*), or profits-from-vanity industry (like Estée Lauder's) to the level of historical artifact. Where else can one find a straight-faced attempt to give fitness an ideology, to tie exercise to progressive politics?

> I do not claim that a strong, healthy woman is automatically going to be a progressive, decent sort of person. Obviously, other factors are involved in that. But I am sure that one's innate intelligence and instinct for good can be enhanced through fitness.

One would ordinarily pass over this nugget as just another sign of Fonda's loopy thinking, if it didn't point up a singular irony of holistic Haydenism. Body worship is traditionally the province of the political right. This is not the first time we have had a fitness craze. In *The Healthy Body and Victorian Culture* (Harvard University Press), Bruce Haley describes a similar "national mania" for athletics and fitness that engulfed Britain in the second half of the last century and coincided with the birth of social Darwinism and the rise of British jingoism. In our century, Fascism took the idea of physical purity, yoked it to racist fantasies, and pressed them both into the service of fanatic nationalism. On the face of it, the new notion that fitness makes for goodness is as absurd as the old one that fitness justifies survival. If I follow Fonda's defense of the new dispensation, and it isn't always easy, it seems that physical self-development is necessary for women to liberate themselves from (you guessed it) internalized sexual stereotypes and become (right again!) whole persons. But surely any sentient observer can see that the fitness craze has little to do with gender and much to do with class. Exercise is the new middle-class hobby—working people get their exercise on the job—supplanting meditation and sex, the principal diversions of the 1970s. My theory is that meditation and sex are simply not narcissistic enough for the 1980s. Meditation is solipsistic, to be sure, but it is directed toward some higher consciousness and thus contains some element of relatedness. And sex ordinarily requires at least two people. Exercise, on the other hand, is uniquely self-absorbing and asocial. None of this, of course, is to argue against deep knee-bends. Exercise doesn't need social justification. It is fun, it makes your heart race, and it even may help you live longer. To pretend that it is more than that is to travel beyond silliness into cynicism.

In *The Road to Wigan Pier* George Orwell noted dourly,

> the horrible—the really disquieting—prevalence of cranks wherever Socialists are gathered together. One sometimes gets the impression that the mere words 'Socialism' and 'Communism,' draw towards them with magnetic force every fruit-juice drinker, nudist, sandal-wearer, sex-maniac, Quaker, 'Natural Cure' quack, pacifist, and feminist in England.

He took pains to make clear that he was "arguing *for* socialism, not *against* it." But he added, "as with the Christian religion, the worst advertisement for Socialism is its adherents."

Economic democrats, beware Adidas socialism.

CHARLES KRAUTHAMMER

OCCIDENTALISM?

The Muslim Discovery of Europe by Bernard Lewis

(Norton, 350 pp., $19.95)

> Imagine a situation in which a group of patriots and radicals from Greece decides that the profession of classical studies is insulting to the great heritage of Hellas, and that those engaged in these studies, known as classicists, are the latest manifestation of a deep and evil conspiracy. . . . [I]f for classicist we substitute 'Orientalist' . . . this amusing fantasy becomes an alarming reality.

So wrote Professor Bernard Lewis in a recent issue of *The New York Review of Books*. As one of the most distinguished Orientalists alive, he had cause to feel concerned, perhaps. I say "perhaps" because I'm not sure that the assault on "Orientalism" and its alleged sins deserves any frontal rebuttal. At its best, that onslaught is amusing and readable; at its worst, it is shrill and hysterical. But I doubt whether it can be met at the level of its overt and specific arguments.

The attack on Orientalism is an application, to the great North/South debate and the antagonism between the rich industrialized world and the struggling rest, of an intellectual style which, in a more general form, has been with us for

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some decades. This style is a curious blend of mutually reinforcing Marxism and subjectivism. From Marxism, it takes the view that ideas live not in isolation but serve collective interests. The subjectivism is not so much added to it as inferred from it, by a curious argument. Since ideas serve interests and are constrained by them, there is little point, really, in confronting ideas with facts (an old-fashioned view, commended by the naive, pre-Marxist theory of knowledge). Much better, and incidentally much less strenuous, is an alternative strategy, which evaluates ideas in terms of the alleged interests of their propounders. Since people, including scholars, do not generally confess what their real interests are, and in any case cannot be trusted when they claim to make a clean breast of it, one is at liberty to decide for oneself what concerns really motivated them. One can then dismiss their conclusions, while dispensing with any arduous and protracted inquiry into whether the conclusions are congruent with the facts of the case. As long as your heart is in the right place, you can dispense with factual inquiry in your cognitive enterprise. Conversely, if your heart is in the wrong place, no facts will help you. In any case, as facts and ideas are the slaves of interests, unappealing conclusions must be the offspring of hostile interests, and so displeasing conclusions can never be true. Conversely, all pleasing conclusions are self-validating.

THIS REASONING, camouflaged and fortified by portentuous terminology and tortuous arguments about the irrelevance of mere surface and isolated facts, about the theory-saturation of data and the political involvement of theory, has been in vogue for several decades. It was the stock in trade of the so-called Frankfurt School and of its powerful American amplifying apparatus. This helps to explain why Western neo-Marxism, far from being concrete, materialist, reductionist, and sociological, had instead an aura of self-indulgent private subjectivism, certainly far more congruent with the ambience of the counterculture of the time than with the central doctrines of historical Marxism.

It could only be a matter of time before this technique would also be applied to the Western scholarly perceptions of the East. Thus Western scholars who systematically applied themselves to nonliterate peoples are known as anthropologists, and the charge that they have been the possibly unwitting lackeys of colonialism has been heard for some time. If they were evolutionists, they ranked societies so as to justify domination by the more evolved of the less evolved; if they repudiated evolutionism in favor of functionalism, then their vision of society as a self-perpetuating, interlocking whole provided a rationale for reactionary opposition to change. You can't win.

THOSE, HOWEVER, who study literate non-Western civilizations through their texts are collectively known as Orientalists. It is not too difficult to look for generic motives among them. The Christians often had links with missionaries, and the Jews could, in due course, be assumed to have Zionist connections.

The generic onslaught on "Orientalists" was bound to take place and is taking place. I remember examining a very interesting thesis by a young Arab on Ibn Khaldun, which argued that Westerners invariably misinterpreted Ibn Khaldun, who consequently had to be rescued from them. I wonder what my motives would have been had I recommended that the thesis be failed (but I had not the slightest inclination to do this). Not all the Orientalist-bashers secured wealth and fame, and not all of them were Orientals. One Westerner wrote a book commending the Marxist overcoming of Orientalism, in which, however, he observed that the views of the founding fathers of Marxism are themselves full of Orientalism, so that the commended overcoming was to be achieved not by Marxism as it actually is, but by some future and yet unborn version of it. Marx's own remarks about India and the great value of the British drill sergeant for India could indeed just as well have come from Kipling, and Engels is on record as holding the Arab-Moslem world doomed to stagnation, in virtue of an argument that he lifted without acknowledgment from Ibn Khaldun. Even latter-day heroes of the left such as Sartre don't do too well when it comes to thinking about the non-Western world, as Levi-Strauss demonstrates in the final chapter of *The Savage Mind*.

Bernard Lewis's frontal reaction to Orientalist-bashing is to be found in the article I quoted at the beginning of this review. The present volume makes no direct reference to the debate whatsoever. Nevertheless, I find it impossible not to see its general argument in the context of that debate. What Professor Lewis in effect does say is this: All right, you say that the Western tradition of scholarship on Oriental civilization is worthless or deeply flawed. Very well: Let us see what it is like when such a tradition is absent. Let us look at one great Oriental civilization, that of Europe's closest Eastern neighbor, the world of Islam, and see whether it too perhaps distorted its findings in the service of its interests, whether it subordinated ideas to a lust for domination or profit. Did it? Can we have a jolly retaliatory session of Occidentalism-bashing?

LEWIS'S GENERAL and regretfully reached conclusion is that we cannot, because there simply isn't enough Occidentalism available to bash. If you want to bash Moslem Occidentalism, what will you do in the afternoon? No Ottoman anthropologist seems to have left behind an account of the intricate kinship structure of the *zadruga*, in the interest of a more effective administration of the Balkans. No Moslem student of religion left behind a study of the sectarian divisions of Christendom, in the interest of an effective divide-and-rule policy (relevant though this would have been in the struggle for Constantinople). More's the pity. It wasn't that they were reluctant to dominate; but not enough scholarship was available for prostitution in the interests of domination. I suppose there still is some hope that some such documents may yet be found in the untapped Ottoman archives, just as there is a very slender hope that Ibn Khaldun's intelligence report on the Maghreb, avowedly written on commission from Tamerlane to further his political ends, may turn up unsigned in some Central Asian library.

The pervasive theme of this elegant, richly documented, well-presented volume is how astonishingly little knowledge of Europe existed in the Moslem world, notwithstanding the good reasons that might have led to its accumulation. Most of the book consists of a highly readable survey of what knowledge there was to be found; and some of it, to my mind the most interesting part, consists of speculations concerning why this should be so, why Orientalism, warts and all, should in the end

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have been so incomparably richer than Occidentalism. Note that there was no disparity at the start. Lewis writes,

> The classical historiography of the Islamic world is of enormous bulk, probably greater than that of all the states of medieval Europe put together and on a far higher level of sophistication.

So why did this scholarly energy and sophistication turn so very little toward what was beyond the cultural and religious limes? If it were the thirst for domination that inspires the pursuit of knowledge, there should have been no dearth of knowledge, for the Moslems were ever at war with Europe, whether conquering or retreating.

A NUMBER of possible explanations can be considered. Perhaps all pre-modern societies are inward-turned and ethnocentric? Lewis observes that Herodotus and the crusader Archbishop of Tyre, who wrote a history of the neighboring Moslem monarchies based on Arabic texts, were exceptions in their own societies. Or was it the pluralist social structure of the Middle Eastern world, which could use members of local minorities as mediators with the West? Was it the contempt of a *final* civilization, seeing itself as the culmination of a prophetic development of which Christianity was an earlier, imperfect, incomplete, and distorted version (in the days when Moslems embraced with conviction a kind of religious version of evolutionism, which also ranked societies along a ladder leading up to a present completion, as Europeans were wont to do in the nineteenth century)? Was it the fact that medieval Europe was culturally and theologically "a very monotonous place," notwithstanding its linguistic and political fragmentation? Was it that the Europeans had received a training, both from religion and from the Renaissance, to look for models in a language, culture, and location other than their own, and thus had a preparation for a systematic investigation of another society?

Lewis seems tempted by the following consideration: the Moslem Renaissance and recovery of Greek learning were distinct rather than overlapping events, and were not followed by any loosening of theological bonds—quite the reverse. Above all,

> . . . the Muslim merchant class failed to achieve and maintain a bourgeois society, or seriously to challenge the hold of the military, bureaucratic and religious elites on the state and the schools. It was a difference the consequences of which can be seen in every aspect of Muslim social and intellectual history.

I wonder. I am not competent to challenge Professor Lewis's scholarship, but I wonder whether this interesting and important interpretation should not be re-examined. Did not the Moslem urban commercial bourgeoisie eventually intermarry with the military, and did not the soldiers also enter the market? Did it not supply personnel for the religious elite, and thereby also for the administrative elite? My suspicion would be that it was the *centrality*, from the very beginning, of the bourgeoisie in the political system, its dependence on and fusion with the state, joined to its persistent fear of the imperfectly pacified countryside, rather than simply its weakness, which made it so conformist, and hence made impossible that conquest of the entire society by the middle classes which was the destiny of some Western European societies. This political incentive to conformism may help explain the victory within Islam of the theologians over the Hellenizing philosophers.

LEWIS QUOTES Ibn Khaldun's astonished observation that learning is reviving in the land of the Franks, a fact so strange that it illustrates the mysteries of God's ways and His omnipotence. But he might also have quoted Ibn Khaldun's highly relevant remark in his autobiography, to the effect that political power was destined to remain with Turks and Arabs, for they had numbers and tribal cohesion. It could safely be assumed, in the opinion of the greatest sociologist of Islam, that even divine omnipotence could not confer political power on a bourgeoisie. Only tribe-endowed peoples were fit to rule. This I suppose supports Lewis's point, though perhaps is not incompatible with my reinterpretation of it. The burghers were not merely scared of the tribes, they were also very central to the whole system. So twice over, they had no incentive to try and take it over.

To return to my initial theme: Orientalism has little to fear if it is represented by scholars such as Bernard Lewis. It was never guilty of systematic misrepresentation of the East. Individual scholars made mistakes and had their interests, but the mistakes were not systematically tied to the interests, and were indeed on occasion incompatible with them. If Orientalism did have a generic bias, it sprang from its preference for texts, the equation of reality with the contents of texts, and the corresponding lack of sociological sophistication.

Lewis certainly is not guilty of any lack of a sense of social reality. The mass of quoted or invoked texts illustrates a perceptively sketched social structure; the quotations do not hang suspended but are firmly set in a social and historical context. Yet I cannot but wish he had gone further in this direction, or, rather, that the sociological concern had been fully explicit rather than merely implicit in the narrative.

FOR INSTANCE, in an early part of the book, Lewis comments approvingly on the fact that the Arab-Moslem penetration of France is barely noted by Arab historiography, while it makes much of the unsuccessful Arab attacks on Constantinople. Lewis seems to think that this is a matter of distance: for Arabs, the route via Gibraltar and Tours was the long way round; the correct line toward the heartland of Europe was across the Bosporus. Invoking Gibbon, he mentions that it is more than a thousand miles from Gibraltar to the Loire. One can almost imagine the Moslem warriors, foot-weary and saddlesore after those thousand miles, and the many more from Arabia to Gib. . . . No wonder that, in the long run, their Turkish successors won at Kosovo: one can get to

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the Balkans from Anatolia without too much exhaustion. . . .

Now is it really a matter of distance? It seems to me that the mechanism of Moslem conquests was based on the capacity of Islam to mobilize and unite tribal pastoralists. Wherever these were available, new recruits enabled the impetus to be maintained. Thus the Maghreb provided a good base for the conquest of Spain, but Spain no longer provided a similar base for a farther push into France. The Ottomans only managed to go farther into Western Anatolia and the Balkans by suitably reforming the tribal state with which they had begun. I do not insist on this theory, but it seems to me to have more sociological meat in it, to be more susceptible to historical testing and to deserve it more, than the "distance" theory with its questionable assumption that the warriors on the Loire were the same as those who had trudged across North Africa.

ON POINTS OF DETAIL, I notice one questionable passage. The Portuguese impact on North Africa is dismissed as follows:

> . . . the Portuguese . . . briefly occupied Tangier and Casablanca. But the Portuguese enterprise on the North African Mainland ended with their defeat at the hands of the Moroccans at the Battle of al-Qasr al-Kabir in 1578.

Casablanca under that name did not exist then, and its (discontinuous) predecessor Anfa was not occupied by the Portuguese. Tangier was not lost to the Moors but handed over to the English as part of a dowry; it was the English who abandoned it. The Portuguese sacked Anfa in 1468 or 1469—their records conflict on this point—but never occupied it, though the contrary contention appears in the literature and even in the *Encyclopaedia of Islam*. By contrast, they had extensive influence in southern Morocco, proceeding from bases at Safi, Azemmowi, Mazagan, and Agadir. They held Mazagan until 1769. The Portuguese did play a major role in the Moroccan Atlantic plain, so much so that throughout the Moroccan mountains, the Portuguese are credited with being proto-inhabitants.

Despite this, and contrary to Lewis's suggestion, I do not believe that the Moroccans had a stronger sense of the European danger than the Ottomans. It sounds logical—they had "seen" the loss of Spain—but this seems to me, like the preoccupation with the number of miles to the Loire, a case of anthropomorphic thinking about entire societies. Morocco, as the one part of the Moslem Mediterranean not incorporated in the Ottoman Empire, does indeed provide a good way of checking generalizations based on the Ottoman world; but I doubt whether this particular contrast obtains.

In this connection, it is curious that Lewis cites the case of the Ottoman Prince Jem, who tried to involve European powers in his own dynastic disputes, but does not discuss this aspect of the battle of al-Qasr al-Kabir in 1578. Yet in that case a Moslem pretender actually succeeded in bringing a Portuguese army to Morocco, whereas Prince Jem never got very far. The Portuguese defeat and the subsequent ransoming procedures must have led to far more mutual knowledge than the Jem episode. The fact that he left behind a folk memory in the town in central France where he was held in custody (a memory now fortified by a little museum) I suppose illustrates Lewis's point that the Christians took more interest in the Moslems than vice versa.

The feebleness of Occidentalism is an intriguing problem, and a far more genuine one than the alleged sins of Orientalism. Lewis's book certainly constitutes a splendid contribution to its exploration.

ERNEST GELLNER

Ernest Gellner is the author, most recently, of *Muslim Society* (Cambridge University Press).

THE SECULAR CITY

Religion
by Leszek Kolakowski

(Oxford University Press, 235 pp., $19.95)

Philosophy of religion is a discipline dealing rationally with religious concerns. It can be unsettling to the religious because of its reliance on reason. It accords no authority to revelation but can provide no alternative grounds for faith. Reason sometimes purports to demonstrate the truths of faith, but analysis shows that these demonstrations are never convincing except to those who are already convinced.

It does not follow, however, that the nonreligious are vindicated. Reason cannot validate revelation, but neither can it refute it. It cannot prove, in the strict sense of the term, that God exists, but neither can it prove that He does not exist. For the secular-minded, this is highly unsatisfactory, not just because it leaves their old religious enemies in the field but because it weakens their own position. If a religious view of reality cannot be refuted, then a rational view—for example, one which rejects any conclusions not scientifically justified—cannot be validated. If reason cannot show that religious faith is illegitimate, then it cannot show that reliance on reason alone is anything but a species of irreligious faith.

Hence both the religious and the nonreligious are apt either to ignore philosophy of religion or to approach it warily. The religious live from sources other than reason—from Scripture, from the church, and from meditation. "Probably nobody," as Kolakowski remarks in this book, "has ever been converted to faith by philosophical discussion." The nonreligious, on the other hand, cannot be expected to cultivate the consciousness that their position is ultimately a matter of mere personal choice.

Yet philosophy of religion has real importance. For the religious it provides a kind of enfranchisement. It shows that faith does not fly in the face of reason and that believers need not be apologetic or defensive. They have as clear an epistemological right to their beliefs as their secular opponents have to theirs.

For the nonreligious, philosophy of religion has an importance that bears not only on their own attitudes but on the whole character of modern society. The epistemological ground on which

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the nonreligious stand is roughly the same as that on which modern secular society is based. The analyses carried on in philosophy of religion indicate that this ground is not nearly so solid as almost everyone today assumes. "Our knowledge," Kolakowski says

> vast as it may become, remains for ever within the brackets of our contingent position in the world, of our fundamental inability to acquire a non-relative vantage point (in the physical, biological, historical sense) for observing the World.

To understand the significance of this assertion for modern secularism, we must look more closely at Kolakowski's book.

LESZEK KOLAKOWSKI is a former professor of the history of philosophy at Warsaw University. Exiled in 1968, he is now a Fellow of All Souls College at Oxford and is author, most recently, of the three-volume *Main-currents of Marxism*. His aim in *Religion* is not to take one side or the other in the debate between religion and secularism but to illuminate the issues dividing them. The book is a discussion, not an integrated argument, and it deals with most of the perennial concerns of theology—the question of whether God is even conceivable in view of the evil in the world, the possibility of proving the existence of God, mystical experience, the moral law, and death. If Kolakowski's discussion can be said to reach a conclusion, it is that the conflict between believers and secularists is beyond rational arbitration. "We face two irreconcilable ways of accepting the world and our position in it," Kolakowski writes, "neither of which may boast of being more 'rational' than the other."

This is not so bland a conclusion as it may seem, particularly from the standpoint of secularism. If the naturalistic interpretations of reality on which secularism is based are without ultimate rational grounds, then in the final analysis they are arbitrary. Kolakowski draws this inference by repeating a well-known aphorism from Dostoevsky: if there is no God, everything is permissible. This is true, Kolakowski maintains, not only morally—which is what Dostoevsky seems to have had mainly in mind—but epistemologically as well.

As for morality, the most common rejoinder of secularists is to point out that many atheists have been morally admirable. Kolakowski readily admits this, but argues that it proves very little. Atheists may derive their goodness from religious traditions which retain a hold on their habits and emotions even though not on their minds. Also, a believer may argue that their goodness has been given them by God in spite of their unbelief; God has done many things more mysterious than that. In any case, Kolakowski argues, the "immovable pillar of *any* viable moral system" is "the presence of taboo," and taboo is necessarily linked with "the worship of eternal reality." Therefore "the knowledge of good and evil" is dependent on religion.

Concerning epistemology, Kolakowski grants that science has advantages over religion. It appeals to patterns of thinking and perception that appear to be universal. Also, it offers possibilities of prediction and thus of practical application. But these advantages do not have to be taken as criteria of truth. If they are, it is by an act of faith. "The principle of *credo ut intelligam*," he asserts, "operates over the entire field of knowledge; this is hardly more than to say that we are incapable of producing an epistemological absolute or that our intelligence is finite."

He adds that this "is not exactly a world-shaking discovery." Kolakowski is a modest author and does not draw out the social or political implications of his argument. Some worlds might be shaken, however, were he to do so and were those implications to be taken seriously by modern secularists. The most influential figures among intellectuals today, not only in America but in most nations, are decidedly secular. They assume that God does not exist, or at least that society can get along very well without believing that He exists. If Kolakowski is right, these figures, and the millions whom they represent and sway, live in a moral and epistemological void. They may conscientiously try to shape their beliefs by reason and their behavior by moral law. But they do this merely from personal preference, and they might do something very different. "An epistemological nihilism or an unrestricted licentiousness," Kolakowski says in one of his typically unpretentious but telling assertions, "is empirically invincible." Obviously, *Religion* is a challenge to modern secularism even though the author does not make the challenge explicit.

As a convenient way of pursuing the matter a little further, I shall take a single question as representative of the many that might be asked: is modern secularism, oblivious of religious insights and unaware of the moral and epistemological void it inhabits, necessarily shallow? And as a convenient way of framing this question I shall apply it to a book now receiving much attention—*The Fate of the Earth*, by Jonathan Schell.

The most striking characteristic of Schell's book is its naive secularity. He is unconscious of the whole world of thought that Kolakowski explores. His subject, as everyone knows, is the possibly imminent obliteration of the human race by nuclear war. His manner and approach indicate that he writes under the extraordinary impression that people have never before envisioned such a prospect. He seems entirely unaware of the fact that a catastrophic end of history was central in the preaching of Jesus and was foretold not only as a warning but as a message of hope: the Kingdom of God was at hand. He seems unaware also that this prophecy was accepted by the early Christians, that it was embodied in Augustine's *The City of God*, and that even in the twentieth century it has found a place in the writings of at least one great Christian thinker, Nikolai Berdyaev. Schell has written a book about eschatology, it seems, without having realized that such a subject exists or that his own secular version of it is highly problematic.

THE PRIMARY RESULT of this naive secularity is that having depicted in impressive detail the terrors of nuclear war, Schell stumbles immediately into idolatry—the deification of a finite and fallible being. He makes a kind of god of the human species and what he calls "the common world" it inhabits. Thus he asserts that "life without hope for human survival is a life of despair." He simply cannot imagine mankind and history as transcended. They are necessarily ultimate, for there is no creator and no eternity. I do not mean to say that secularism is inevitably idolatrous. Perhaps *all* gods can be spurned. But human beings are strongly inclined to bow down before something and a secularism as unsophisticated as Schell's is thus exceedingly vulnerable to the temptation of idolatry.

That Schell succumbs to these temptations is the source of many other errors. To begin with, having deified "the com-

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mon world," he is incapacitated for social criticism. Schell would no doubt dispute such a charge, but the critical analyses developed by Marxists, Christians, and others in recent times inevitably seem trivial and distracting in the universe he constructs. The one overwhelming concern becomes the survival of the common world, with no questions asked about its quality. This has serious consequences for Schell's analysis of our nuclear peril, for it bars him from posing the cardinal question of whether the danger that we will destroy ourselves has something to do with the kinds of values affirmed by modern society. For example, is the danger of annihilation related to the spiritual hollowness so evident in television, film, the press? Is it reasonable to expect those who are casual about abortion to treat what Schell calls "uncreation"—the denial of life to those who have yet even to be conceived—as a grave moral lapse? Schell repeatedly bewails our insensitivity to the prospect of nuclear annihilation. Is that insensitivity entirely unrelated to the insensitivity necessarily underlying the injustices rife in both capitalist and Communist societies?

ANOTHER ERROR inherent in Schell's idolatrous regard for humanity in the species is his unsteady regard for humanity in the individual person. This comes out in his views on death. How does the possible annihilation of the human race add to the threat of meaninglessness inherent in the death of a single innocent individual? It will not do to reply—as, admittedly, Schell does not—that nuclear war would kill hundreds of millions, for the issue is not quantitative. As writers like Dostoevsky and Camus have insisted, the whole meaning of the universe is placed in question by the death of a child. Nor will it do to say—as Schell *does* say—that a nuclear war would obviate all the prospects of culture and happiness for future ages. In what sense are we justified (assuming that every person is of infinite value) in considering the future of the human race more important than the future of one child? Schell's answer is that life cannot be meaningful for anyone unless the life of the species stretches indefinitely ahead into the future. Just as lack of hope for human survival spells despair, so, could we assure human survival, future generations would pass back to us the gift of "the wholeness and meaning of life." This illustrates Schell's deification of the species, for he expects future generations to do what Judeo-Christian civilization has always believed only God could do. It suggests also that Schell confuses the indefinite continuation of the human race with eternity, because it is possible to see how eternity, if real, can nullify death but not how future generations can do so. If we mean it when we say that every person is an end and not merely a means, then the death of a person must be, as Kolakowski puts it, "the ultimate defeat of being." Schell cannot show how this defeat is avoided, alleviated, or in any way affected by the final fate of the species. Hence his plea for humans *en masse* and for future ages makes one wonder whether the ultimate mystery and value at the center of Judeo-Christian civilization—the single human being, present here and now—has somehow been forgotten.

A final difficulty in which Schell is involved through his idolatry relates to the measures needed to avoid the final disaster. Assuming that the survival of the species is truly the supreme imperative our situation places on us, then the most promising policy for this country would be to submit to the Soviet Union and encourage all other nuclear powers to do the same. It is hard to see otherwise how the abolition of the nation-state system, which Schell demands, can be peacefully accomplished. But Schell senses such unacceptable implications in his argument and consequently commits himself to the logically absurd proposition that although "there can be *no justification for extinguishing mankind* . . . it does not follow that any action is permitted as long as it serves the end of preventing extinction."

It is a commentary on the present-day secular mind that so superficial a book is widely regarded as deep and challenging. If I am right, however, the trouble does not originate in Schell himself, who is an earnest and brilliant writer. It originates in the unthinking secularism that dominates present-day intellectual life. I do not mean to say that the dilemmas arising from secularism are insoluble but only that they are insoluble by those who do not know of their existence. Kolakowski, as I said, is a modest author. He does not even criticize secular society; much less is he trying to set it aright. Were he widely read, however, he would help to give it an intellectual depth it rarely attains. He would help it not so much to answer its fundamental problems as simply to see them. And he might even help, as I doubt that Schell will, to bring the wisdom needed for avoiding nuclear war.

GLENN TINDER

Glenn Tinder is the author, most recently, of *Against Fate* (University of Notre Dame Press).

THE SHAKY ALLIANCE

Rebel Europe
by James Oliver Goldsborough

(Macmillan, 187 pp., $12.95)

How difficult it is to strike the right note when writing about present-day Western Europe and its troubled alliance with the United States! Not so long ago, Walter Laqueur, in *A Continent Astray* (Oxford University Press), described a purposeless half-continent, lacking will and inspiration, tempted by neutralism or finlandization. Now comes James Oliver Goldsborough, who tells us of a resurgent, increasingly united Europe that "has today come back from the abyss, culturally, morally, and politically," and can no longer be treated as a dependent by a bungling and erratic America.

Unlike Laqueur, Goldsborough is neither an historian nor an exiled European. He was in Europe for fifteen years as a journalist. He does not overwhelm his reader with facts; he reports on the major trends he has witnessed. His story of a resurgent and rebellious Europe is best compared with Theodore White's

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compassionate *Fire in the Ashes*, written in the early 1950s: the contrast could not be greater. White was examining a fragmented, deeply divided continent, still close to the suicidal disaster of World War II, from the viewpoint of a rich, powerful, dominant United States. Goldsborough begins by dismissing the tendency to see Europe as "a fixed continent, one doomed, forever, to the status quo," and he mentions the French sociologist Michel Crozier's recent book on the "American disease," which concludes that it is now America's turn to learn from Europe.

IN A SERIES of very brief chapters, Goldsborough discusses the changes that have occurred in Western Europe and in the Western Alliance in the 1960s and 1970s, stressing the very different American and European views of the Soviet Union and of detente, the scope of Europe's economic recovery (despite the oil shocks and recession of the 1970s), the magnitude of its contribution to NATO's defenses, its emancipation from America's political and cultural influence, the wide gap between its faith in collective solutions for social problems and America's turn to an antistate, conservative philosophy reflecting a much earlier national experience. He reviews the rapprochement between France and West Germany, the British economic and social malaise, the turmoil in Eastern Europe, the debate on strategic doctrines and weapons for Europe's defense. He concludes with a plea for a looser alliance between a "stronger, more defense-minded Europe" and a somewhat disengaged America, and with a blast at the Reagan Administration's world view.

Much of what he says is unassailable—a very useful counterweight to what could be called the anti-European school, so well represented today in the Pentagon, the NSC, and among the neoconservatives. But Goldsborough is not entirely convincing. Partly this is caused by the breeziness of his analysis, which has little time for complexity and precision. Also, Goldsborough leaves one with some misgivings because of his way of accentuating only the positive, except in England's case. He may well be wrong, both in writing about the end of British patriotism (the book was, of course, published before the Falklands war), and in underestimating the importance of the continuing divisions among the West Europeans—divisions which prevent them from being more than rebels.

For instance, he does not examine in any detail the fate of the European community. For all its successes in defining common foreign policy stands, it has been paralyzed both in coping with the economic crisis—each government has tried to fight it in its own way—and in developing new common policies. The only one in existence—the Common Agricultural Policy—is a major, recurrent source of trouble. The community has gained new members, at the cost of homogeneity and efficiency: Britain, every year, has insisted on changing the budgetary rules. The election of the European Parliament by universal suffrage has not furthered European unity; the community's institutions are often sclerotic. The coordination of foreign policies has led more to joint deplorations (or declarations) than to joint actions, except (briefly) during the Falklands war.

The economic and political divergences among the community's members also deserves greater attention. So far—at the price of two monetary realignments—the European monetary system has survived the discrepancy between Mitterrand's socialist policies and the priority all other European governments have given to the fight against inflation. But if the French government loses its present wager on stabilizing prices, wages, and the value of the franc, it will have only the choice between a politically difficult return to a policy of austerity, barely distinguishable from the one its predecessor followed—the one Mitterrand had promised to repudiate—and a major crisis with his European partners.

NOR DOES GOLDSBOROUGH discuss sufficiently the formidable obstacles to a more coherent West European defense entity. He says little about the powerful antinuclear movement in West Germany, Holland, Belgium, and Britain, about the absence of any comparable movement in France; nor does he show how the desperate attachment of so many West Germans to detente, and the growth of the antinuclear movement in the Federal Republic, have made the French (who are, since the mid-1970s, in a mood of profound distrust of Soviet moves, dislike of the Soviet regime, and disquiet over the Soviet arms buildup) much more eager to preserve NATO, to keep America present on the Continent, and to see the December 1979 NATO decision on new deployments of American middle-range missiles carried out. He calls for a European "defense dimension" limited to the conventional realm, but the last thing the Europeans want to plan is conventional war: they remain united on the need for nuclear deterrence—even though a joint European nuclear force remains a dream, given the prohibitions and inhibitions that weigh on West Germany, the French emphasis on nuclear independence, and the British policy of nuclear cooperation with the U.S.

The reasons that led, after the beginning of the cold war, to the formation of the Western Alliance remain valid. Anxiety about nuclear war does not pit "the Europeans" against "the Americans": it is shared by masses of people on both sides of the ocean, and it does not determine the policy of any allied government. There is no collective drift toward finlandization or neutralism;

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there is only a belief, resulting from geography and common sense, that Western Europe needs both a combination of deterrence and defense, and a modicum of detente: both aim at averting war, and the second also seeks to create better conditions in Eastern Europe. There is no wave of anti-Americanism: only a small minority wants the Americans to go home; a somewhat larger one protests against the policies of both superpowers; the majority of the public and of the political class, in every West European country, wants the Atlantic Alliance and American participation in the defense of Europe to continue.

None of this means that the partnership will cease being troubled. But the biggest troubles are likely to result from American actions, not from European initiatives. In other words, we have the capacity to alienate our allies. The persistence of high interest rates in America, and the refusal by the Treasury to intervene against excessive currency fluctuations can do more damage to the alliance than any disagreement over East-West issues. American acquiescence in Begin's expansionism or Israeli intransigence toward the Palestinians, or American efforts at preventing trade cooperation between Western Europe and the Soviets or Eastern Europe (such as Reagan's recent decision on extending a ban on the sale of oil and gas equipment to Moscow), will be seen as direct threats to vital West European interests. The drift to the right in West German politics should make the deployment of Pershing II and cruise missiles in the Federal Republic less difficult to enforce—unless by the end of 1983, when these deployments should begin, American negotiating tactics in the talks on intermediate nuclear forces in Geneva turn out to have been so intransigent as to put the Soviets in a good light, or unless it becomes clear that the Eureka College speech launching START was no more than a public relations stunt. And nothing would infuriate our allies more than an eventual endorsement by a U.S. government of the "no-first-use of nuclear weapons" proposal recently made by distinguished American ex-officials. With the exception of some British experts, most West Europeans believe that such a pledge would increase the likelihood of conventional war or Soviet political blackmail, that the kind of attempt at increasing the conventional potential of NATO that would be necessary and sufficient to deter a Soviet attack simply could not be "sold" to West European publics, and that an American doctrine of no-first-use would mean a dissociation of the U.S. from Europe's fate, thus destroying mutual confidence.

Yet the paradox of the alliance remains the fact that our ability to alienate our allies by our aggressiveness, ineptitude, or tendency to act unilaterally is not matched by a corresponding West European capacity to react in a coherent and united way. If we are wise and sensitive to European needs, fears, and interests, we shall be able to keep the alliance together—even if we cannot obtain full cooperation in areas, such as the Middle East, that are beyond the North Atlantic Treaty's scope. If we behave like a rogue elephant, the result is likely to be neither a Third Force Europe, united against both superpowers, or the kind of pro-appeasement Europe feared by the American right, but a fragmented Europe—with England probably loyal to Washington, still pursuing the mirage of the "special relationship," with increasing neutralism in the smaller countries, deep splits between Atlanticists and national-neutralists in the Federal Republic, a France more attached to independence than ever—and an Italy attempting to satisfy all sides at least cost.

STANLEY HOFFMANN

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LIFE AS FICTION, FICTION AS LIFE

Aunt Julia and the Scriptwriter by Mario Vargas Llosa translated by Helen R. Lane

(Farrar, Straus & Giroux, 374 pp., $14.95)

Once upon a time, before the so-called "Boom" of the 1960s and 1970s, much of the Latin American literature that reached us here in translation seemed hopelessly regional, oppressive and repetitious, communal in the worse sense of the word. Before we knew of the invigorating work of such varied writers as Jorge Luis Borges, Alejo Carpentier, Juan Rulfo, Julio Cortázar, Gabriel García Márquez, Carlos Fuentes, and Mario Vargas Llosa, we tended to think of the Latin American novel and short story as being little more than vehicles for social comment and protest. Today, after the appearance in English of a profusion of wildly inventive works that have made much of our own fiction look provincial, those somber books of the pre-Boom period seem to belong to ancient literary history. Though it would be absurd to say that solemnity has disappeared from Latin American fiction, one can't help but note how many works of the last two decades have been satiric and mocking in nature, almost as if their authors were reacting with a vengeance against the weighty social realism of the past. Among other books one thinks of such mock chronicles as Reinaldo Arenas's *Hallucinations* and Márcio Souza's *Emperor of the Amazon*, of such mock histories as García Márquez's brilliant *The Autumn of the Patriarch*, of the novels of Cortázar and Sarduy, and of the many satiric verbal renderings of big city and provincial town life, such as G. Cabrera Infante's *Three Trapped Tigers*, Luis Rafael Sánchez's *Macho Comacho's Beat*, and the novels of Manuel Puig.

With his last novel, *Captain Pantoja and the Special Service*, the Peruvian writer Mario Vargas Llosa surprised many of his admirers by joining the literary carnival. Prior to this dizzyingly playful account of an army officer assigned to supply a party of prostitutes to deprived jungle soldiers, the author had produced a stark short-story collection, translated as *The Cubs*, and three long, increasingly complex novels, *The Time of the Hero*, *The Green House*, and *Conversation in the Cathedral*, all exploring with a

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near-savage seriousness and single-mindedness themes of social and political corruption. In the novels, Vargas Llosa employed with great skill a variety of narrative techniques (fractured chronology, interlocking stories, shifts in point of view, cinematiclike cuts, parallel and contrapuntal dialogues) that turned the old social-realist novel upside down and inside out. Though narrative experimentation was still very much in evidence in *Captain Pantoja*, a new, unexpected element entered Vargas Llosa's work: an unrestrained sense of humor. It was as if the author had decided to join the great big party going on around him.

THE FUN CONTINUES in *Aunt Julia and the Scriptwriter*, but with some very significant differences. Not only is the new book longer and much broader in scope, but it has a thematic richness and density the other book lacked. The technical fireworks are, surprisingly, kept to a minimum. In fact, this is a relatively restrained performance for the author. Yet he has managed to create a work that is both challenging and absolutely captivating, a multilayered, high-spirited, and in the end terribly affecting text about the interplay of fiction and reality, the transformation of life into art, and life seen and sometimes even lived as fiction. Using as a foundation an actual period in his life during the early 1950s when he was employed as a newswriter for Lima's Radio Panamericana, Vargas Llosa proceeds to work on two distinct narrative planes. On the "real" level he writes in first-person what is, from all reports, a fairly solid autobiographical account of his experiences at the radio station and of his romance with and ultimate marriage to his Aunt Julia, his first wife (to whom the book is dedicated)—an event that created a family scandal as well as a host of problems for the eighteen-year-old Mario and his thirty-two-year-old aunt. On the purely fictive level, he presents what might be described as straight narrative renderings or adaptations of the various soap operas written by Pedro Comacho, an amazingly prolific scriptwriter recently hired by Panamericana's neighboring radio station because of his unique ability and the popular success he enjoyed in Bolivar. The autobiographical chapters alternate with the soap opera chapters, each of which tells a different and ultimately incomplete story (for soap situations are never quite resolved). Most of them are, to say the least, bizarre, even crazy by soap opera standards—from the story of a haunted rodent exterminator whose obsessive mission is to kill every rat in Peru, to the tale of a traveling medical supplies salesman who is persuaded by an unorthodox psychiatrist that he did not run over a child by accident:

> 'Look at yourself in the mirror and tell yourself: I'm an infanticide and a cowardly speed demon. Let's have no more of these euphemisms of yours: don't talk to me about accidents or wheel syndromes.'
>
> And going on to cite examples, she told him that the emaciated onanists who came to her on their knees begging her to cure them, she treated by giving pornographic magazines, and that patients who were drug addicts, dregs of humanity crawling on the floor and tearing their hair as they spoke of the hand of fate, she treated by offering marijuana cigarettes and handfuls of coca leaves.

SURPRISINGLY ENOUGH, the alternating narrative lines are not as jarring as one might expect. Though the "real" story of Mario and Julia never quite approaches the sheer madness and intensity of Comacho's stories, it too contains the stuff of melodrama: furtive meetings, partings, reconciliations, scandal, family threats, and final flight (as the unlikely couple travels from town to town desperately in search of a mayor who will marry them). At one point Julia herself makes this connection, telling Mario that "the love affair of a baby and an old lady who's also more or less your aunt" would be a perfect subject for one of Comacho's serials. At another point Mario, worried by the appearance of a more suitable suitor for Julia, visits his "friend" Comacho to ask his advice and finds himself describing the matter in soap opera clichés.

After a while the reader begins to notice just how many of the "real" figures have been affected in various subtle ways by popular culture and how they approach and adjust to reality. The delightfully pathetic, dwarflike, oily Comacho, who is possessed by a true artist's obsession with writing ("my brain is a blazing torch"), admits so little of the real world into his life that he takes on the aspect of an "articulated doll"; cannot connect with other human beings ("he was one of those men who has no need of conversational partners"); and eventually gets so wrapped up in fiction that he drives himself mad. Mario himself, who longs to be a serious writer and live, romantically, in a Parisian garret, attempts to transform the real into the unreal by turning the true stories he hears into fiction, into art, only to be criticized by Julia at one point for taking a story of hers and turning it "topsy-turvy." And Mario's fellow newswriters respond to reports of actual tragedies and catastrophes by embellishing them until they resemble pop disasters. In the touching last chapter of what has been a very funny novel, the long-range effects of these attitudes become evident: the now divorced and remarried Mario returns to Lima after a long absence and visits friends of the past whose once youthful energy and ambition have been sapped by reality.

IT IS WORTH mentioning that Comacho's stories, though admittedly superficial and fantastic and hardly the stuff of your typical soaps, are quite gripping. So taken are we by these fictions that when Comacho begins to go mad and starts populating one soap opera with characters from another, arbitrarily changing their professions, histories, and relationships, killing them off and resurrecting them at will, we are disturbed by the shattering of the illusion, by, as Comacho's boss so wonderfully puts it, "these modernist gimmicks." After all, the reader takes pleasure in the unreal as well.

At times the reader wishes that Aunt Julia were a more substantial creation, and at times he can't quite believe that an unsophisticated hack like Comacho could produce such ingeniously cockeyed scripts or that their physical qualities could have been realized on radio. These, however, are minor qualms. The novel may sometimes recall Nathanael West's *The Day of the Locust*, Stanley Elkin's radio novel *The Dick Gibson Show*, and Puig's campy treatments of characters living B-movie lives. But it is such a clever, complex, and enjoyable work that it very much makes its own special mark. If with his last novel Vargas Llosa joined the Latin American literary party, with *Aunt Julia and the Scriptwriter* he becomes, along with his friend García Márquez, the life of that party.

RONALD DE FEO

Ronald De Feo has written reviews for *The Hudson Review*, *Saturday Review*, *The New Leader*, *The Nation*, and other magazines.

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TRB, *from page 6*

feeling still left, and it is embodied in 1982 in the proposed balanced budget amendment to the Constitution (the equivalent in folly of the Prohibition amendment of 1920), but most people now believe the primary duty of the government is to take care of the public by one means or another.

The phrase "free enterprise" still has a little of the abracadabra quality of Hoover's day, and Ronald Reagan bows to it like an orison in church, but the whole scale of values has shifted. The pre-Roosevelt Supreme Court upheld child labor; it outlawed minimum wages; it rejected curbs on antistrike injunctions. The Court said it was opposing interference with "individual liberties." Such liberties, however, were defined differently after the stock market bubble burst.

Senator George Norris got a bill to create the Tennessee Valley Authority, an example of practical socialism; a horrified Hoover vetoed it. "I hesitate to contemplate the future of our institutions, of our government, and of our country if the preoccupation of its officials is to be no longer the promotion of justice and equal opportunity but is to be devoted to barter in the market place," he said. "This is not liberalism, this is degeneration." Hoover (personally a warm-hearted man) was shocked by a government "dole" for the individual needy and hungry.

Values change in fifty years. Hoover was burdened with the belief that he knew the exact demarcation between what is proper for government and what is improper. We have men like that all around us now.

When I got down to the bonus encampment from my roof fifty years ago, the shelter tents were already on fire, and I watched soldiers moving from tent to tent spreading the blaze (though the Attorney General later denied this). One tent had a suite of overstuffed imitation mahogany and a packed valise. Flames took them. A few minutes before, a veteran had been selling ice-cold pop from a cart, and now the soldiers "liberated" it, took off their masks, and hauled it under an elm. Most had suffered slight gas burns.

"Yes?" I said to a uniformed youngster. He seemed to be reading my thoughts. We finished our bottles and looked at each other. "They were soldiers, too," he said regretfully.

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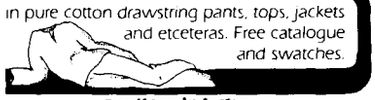

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WASHINGTON DIARIST

Space Warp

"AREN'T YOU," a friend asked after reading a recent article of mine ("Lebanon Eyewitness," TNR, August 2), "just a bit overconcerned with *The Washington Post*'s coverage of the Middle East?" Sometimes I'm inclined to agree; but then I reflect that the *Post* is all that much of the Washington policy elite reads for breakfast, and I remember my duty. The *Post* matters. And what matters is not only how it covers what it covers but also what it hardly covers at all. July 20 was not an atypical morning. That day the *Post* ran eleven news stories and two Op-Ed pieces on the events in Lebanon. All this took up a shade under 300 column inches, or about two-and-a-half pages, including the by now *de rigueur* photograph of a Palestinian baby. The Lebanon-related news coverage alone took up roughly a third of the space the *Post* routinely devotes each day to all hard news, domestic and foreign, combined. So, with all this attention to the Middle East, wouldn't the *Post* be a good place to learn about the Iraq-Iran war? Let's see now. On the same day, just one article—eighteen inches of wire service boiler plate from official communiqués—dealt with that vast death happening. Can't the *Post* spare some more space for this war, maybe even a reporter? Are there no civilian casualties or human interest stories there? Are not American interests at stake? Maybe the war's causes are boring, or too complicated. Or maybe, as I suspect, a war between Moslems plumb doesn't interest the people who put the *Post* together.

A FASCINATING ESSAY in the June-July *Midstream* by Columbia University philosopher David Sidorsky shows that not even *The New York Times* is wholly free of the biases of space warp, and its close relative, position warp. Sidorsky's comparison is between the *Times*'s coverage of clashes on the West Bank and of the Iraq-Iran war in the five weekdays between March 22 and March 27. A conclusion readers might draw from the asymmetrical treatment is that one Arab killed on the West Bank by an Israeli soldier must be worth far more in the calculus of life than a thousand Iraqis killed by Iranians, and worth more also than a thousand Iranians killed by Iraqis. The *Times* does try to compensate in many ways for the genuine difficulties placed in the way of adequate reporting of the Iraq-Iran war by the respective governments in Baghdad and Tehran. Every so often you even get a sense that the *Times* is embarrassed by the disparity of attention given to these two ongoing confrontations in one neighborhood. This wouldn't embarrass the *Post*, which sometimes seems to believe that Israel is the cause of most instabilities in the Middle East, and certainly of American failures to end or reduce those instabilities. To every problem in the Middle East there is the *Post*'s standing panacea: a Palestinian state on the West Bank. This is not all that different from what the Arabs say. The Saudis, for example, say that we can't help them against their mortal enemies until we solve the Palestinian question. Saddam Hussein, the dictator of Iraq, says that Iran acts for the Zionists, and Khomeini, the dictator of Iran, says Iraq acts for them. Maybe they're both right. So that's it: if there were a Palestinian state on the West Bank, the Israelis would be too busy to stir up wars on the Shatt-al-Arab.

THE 'POST' DOESN'T feel obliged to compensate for anything—despite the fact that it can't really see any part of the Middle East in proportion. So it was predictable that it would play the nonstory about Representative Pete McCloskey and Arafat's nonrecognition of Israel straight across the top of the front page. The *Times*, on the other hand, had a modest two-column head at the bottom of the front page; the only news, after all, was that McCloskey was taken in, as he has been taken in before. The *Times* has also been trying to compensate these last weeks for the years when it didn't report adequately on the PLO's occupation of southern Lebanon. On July 25, for example, it published a brilliantly detailed report by David Shipler on what it used to be like then. The *Post* doesn't admit its past errors (and distortions); it compounds them. Consider its front page of July 22, which carried a photograph of "Palestinian women and children, demonstrating before the Israeli government in Sidon to obtain the release of their husbands and fathers. . . ." In the eighth paragraph of the accompanying story by William Branigan, continued on a deep back page, was news of another demonstration: "Several hundred protestors led by Moslem clerics stormed past a PLO checkpoint today, approaching within a couple of hundred yards of Israeli tanks to demand an end to the seige (of West Beirut)." So the *Post* reported two demos against the Israelis, one in Sidon and the other in Beirut. Was there a third demonstration also in Beirut, not reported in the *Post*, but which I had read about that same morning in the *Boston Globe*? MOSLEMS DEMONSTRATE AGAINST ISRAEL, PLO, cried a *Globe* headline over an Associated Press dispatch: "Hundreds of Moslem demonstrators defied warning bursts of machine-gun fire from the Palestine Liberation Organization and marched to within sight of Israeli tanks beseiging West Beirut yesterday to demand that the guerrillas disarm and Israel withdraw. The demonstrators—chanting 'Allah Akabr' or 'God is great'—poured out of West Beirut's mosques to stage the first organized public expression of resentment of both Israel and the PLO in the Moslem sector of the Lebanese capital." West Beirut Moslems demonstrating against the PLO—that *is* news. But of course there was no third demonstration. This was the demonstration that the *Post* said was only against the Israelis. But it wasn't just that—it was also against the PLO, which is something not easily assimilated at the *Post*. So for Washingtonians the demonstration was not what it was but what a reporter wanted it to be.

I HAD FOUR MINUTES on NBC's "Today" show to discuss some of this. Bryant Gumbel, who doesn't know much, asked questions, corrected my answers, arched his eyebrows, and sneered. He summed up my remarks by saying other people disagreed with me, including most reporters. The point of my being there, I thought, was to air a dissent. But it turned into another illustration of how hard it is for TV to transcend groupthink. The truth lives a difficult life, but it does live.

M.P.

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